POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

DUMOLLARD ATTEMPTS TO MURDER MARIE PICHON.

Vol. V.—No. 65.

The Diabolical DUMOLLARDS.

An Account of the Awful Happenings in France between 1855 and 1861, and of the Conviction of their Monstrous Perpetrator.

"Lovers of Darkness, for their evil deeds are fitted for the darkness of the night."

—DUNNING, "The Sowers" (1773).

THE Dumollards! Nom de Dieu! How one shudders as one writes the unholy name! More than forty years have elapsed since the detection of these abominable wretches whose deeds appalled the civilised world, and yet to this day they remain a constant memorial to the depths to which human nature can fall. It is almost a libel upon humanity to speak of them as being within its pale. Do not Dumollard and his atrocious partner rather belong to some abnormal and little-understood species from which even the most sanguinary criminal would turn with loathing and disgust? They combined the savage cruelty of the wolf with the low cunning of the ape, and in nothing did they at all resemble the average human being. Their crimes were of such a nature as to revolt and sicken the ordinary mind and are almost too dreadful to contemplate. In the whole history of the globe there has been no murderer of the type of this low French peasant, who was talked of with bated breath and every indication of fear and dread. The great French nation was convulsed with horror at the mere thought of him. Paris stood aghast and thousands made the journey to Bourg to witness the trial of a creature whose like had never before been seen and whose misdeeds no successor could ever hope to parallel. This country has possessed some bright specimens of humanity, heaven knows! We have, in our criminal history, the records of some fiendish murderers, but our gay neighbour across the Channel has far surpassed us in this regard, for the Dumollards are all her own, and we have no wish to deprive her of the credit of having produced a pair of monsters. We have had our Deemings, our Mannings, Rush, Gleeson Wilson, John Jones, John Williams, and many others whose murderous exploits have given to their names an immortal infamy; but the Dumollards are head and shoulders above them all, and they are never likely to lose the blood-stained laurels they have won and which they wear in recognition of the fact that they were absolutely the most depraved man and woman of the last century!

The circumstances connected with these miscreants are of so horrible and shocking a nature that I feel that some apology is needed for reviving the hideous story of their foul and filthy crimes; but this work has a higher object than the mere gratifying of morbid curiosity.

It is intended to be a work of reference and of instruction as much as amusement, and in this way it becomes absolutely necessary to include a case which has become of quite a historical nature. No standard work on crime would be complete without an account of these remarkable malefactors, whose incredible atrocity excited the utmost sensation throughout the length and breadth of the continent of Europe. Indeed, Troppman was quite a nice, inoffensive, agreeable young gentleman as compared with this ghoul Dumollard, who, having outraged a young girl, threw her alive into an impromptu grave and stamped her still breathing body into the reluctant earth. What words can paint such hideous facts as these?

The English press, for some reason or other, gave no particulars whatever of the trial of Dumollard and very few of his execution. They briefly announced the frightful discoveries that were made from time to time after the arrest of the fiend and his devilish wife; but refrained from all comment, and gave no report of the proceedings at the trial. "The Times" of the period rarely alluded to the case—perhaps "The Thunderer" thought the details too frightful to be set forth in print—and even the "Annual Register" in describing its main features is as brief as—well, as woman's love!

I have been at much pains to get at all the facts of a case compared to which the exploits of our own unknown fiend of 1888-89 are white as driven snow. But much in the history of these French demons must for ever remain obscure. Their crimes covered a lengthy period, and the full extent of them never became known. How many unfortunate girls became the victims of the man's murderous lust and the woman's desperate greed it is quite impossible to say. But I have collected quite sufficient evidence to prove that a great number of young women were lured to the woods and lanes which surrounded the dreadful Dumollard habitation, and that very few of them escaped the maw of this beast of prey. Very few lived to tell the tale of the ugly man with the hare-lip who promised them good wages at a situation near Lyons, and who attempted to murder them when, by some pretence, he got them in a dark corner of the country road or in some remote and secluded lane. The human brute who prowled about these lonely parts never told the history of his malevolent life, and he alone knew how many young, innocent, and defenceless girls he had sent to their account. And, oh! the motive for all this butchery! The gratification of a momentary passion! The desire for a few worthless articles of clothing! The wish to possess a few miserable bits of finery! Dumollard! Dumollard! Is it possible that even for you there has been pardon and Divine forgiveness? It is difficult to think it! Let us hope it.

Not many miles from the prosperous French city of Lyons, with which it is connected by rail, is the village of Montluel, where this execrable wretch lived and had his being. The very name of the place, as the scene of these desolating deeds, still stinks in the nostrils, if the expression, as being effective, may be forgiven. Dumollard lived in a rather large and tumble-down dwelling on the outskirts of the village, and the situation of the place was solitary to the last degree. It was situated in the midst of extensive woodlands, and was sufficiently remote from any other habitation. Attached to this abode of death was a field and a small vineyard, and in the yard at the back was a deep and sinister-looking well. There were two or three outhouses and a hay-loft, and the place partook somewhat of a farmyard in appearance, for the worthy

peasant Dumollard, who did odd jobs for a business and wholesale murder by way of recreation, owned a donkey and one or two cows, and his hideous visage was very well known in the vicinity of Lyons. He often went over to the town on business for his neighbours, sometimes acting as porter, and incidentally he discovered that murdering a lot of young women for their clothing was a genteel way of adding to his annual income, at which conclusion his wife also appears to have arrived.

I am not able to give my readers much information as to the early careers of these relentless wretches. The man could not even say what his age was, and he was an ignorant savage, unable to read or write; but possessed of a certain low cunning and remarkable obstinacy. His wife had been one Anne Marie Martinet, and it would seem that she possessed a little more education than the monster she had married. How far she acted under the control of Dumollard it is impossible to say; but it is certain that she was fully aware of the ghastly means by which that arch-fiend was able to provide her incessantly with articles of wearing apparel, and that she was only one degree less ferocious and remorseless than himself. Women of this type do not as a rule pardon the infidelities of their lords and masters; but in this case madame was perfectly cognisant of the fact that her husband did not kill his victims, at least generally, until he had committed upon them another atrocious offence.

ASKED HER THE WAY TO THE NEAREST REGISTRY OFFICE.

Dumollard, whose age might have been thirty-eight to forty, and his wife's about the same, was a perfectly hideous type of humanity. It was said at the time of his trial that "he scarcely resembled a human being." Imagine the awful ruffian in the dock. A heavily-built, broad-shouldered, uncouth-looking peasant, with a stooping, slouching gait, and a mass of filthy dark hair growing about his ears like a horrid mat. He had a deformed upper-lip, which gave his atrocious countenance a grim, yet grotesque appearance, and his little secretive eyes were deeply imbedded in his head. His skin was red and rough, and he had strong, gnarled, and vicious-looking hands. He nearly always wore a blue blouse, with baggy trousers and a dirty handkerchief tied loosely round his thick, hairy throat. A more repulsive creature—repugnant alike to sight and sound and smell—even the author of "Les Miserables," who drew the picture of "The Schoolmaster," could scarcely have conceived. His wife was a stout, strong, and cruel-looking female, of whom it was possible to believe all that was said to her discredit. Her life was spared, which I am inclined to think was a very great pity. This enchanting couple lived alone in their remote house, for they had no children to inherit their plunder or their vices, and kept no sort of servant. The man-monster used to visit Lyons and prowl about the streets and squares or market-place until he had marked down a possible victim. He would then proceed with his fell work with infinite cunning and resource. His business was to find a country servant girl on the look-out for a new and more remunerative situation. He seemed to spot the girls in this position with a sort of intuition, and he very rarely made a mistake, though fortunately for other little servant girls who might have fallen into his clutches, he caught a Tartar at last, and his true character was discovered.

In the month of May, 1861, on a beautiful summer afternoon, behold Dumollard standing just by the Guillotière Bridge at Lyons. His villainous aspect attracts a little casual attention as he slouches by the stone wall of the bridge, and some of the women and girls he ogles as they pass him by toss their heads with real or affected disdain. But they go on their way and here comes a more likely subject in the shape of a sturdy and rather engaging young woman in the attire of a respectable servant. Dumollard addresses her with a fawning air of politeness, which he knows perfectly well how to assume. He asks her the way to the nearest registry office, his object being, he says, to engage a servant for his mistress, who employs him as gardener and who lives in the country. Incidentally he paints this imaginary rural retreat in the most glow-

ing colours, and, as the young woman is in want of such a place, she hints that perhaps she might suit the situation. Dumollard falls in with the suggestion readily enough. His mistress wants a housemaid. He declares that she looks to be the very paragon of housemaids. The wages are to be £10 a year, with a handsome douceur on New Year's Day, and he is empowered to engage a suitable person for Madame Gerard without delay. Will she accept the situation?

Bien! It is hers. He then questions her as to her clothing and belongings, and advises that she brings all her best attire to the Gerard menage, together with her savings—if she has any. The girl has been careful and thrifty, and she informs her new acquaintance that she has some few francs, which are in her box at the house of her brother. Dumollard rubs his hands with a wicked glee, and a wolfish glare comes into his furtive eyes. Decidedly this girl will admirably suit the situation. The pair of them, chatting together most affably, proceed to the arrive at the terminus, and Hare-lip takes two single tickets to Montluel, at which place they arrive at about seven in the evening. The man is now prepared to shoulder the heavy box, for it would not suit his nefarious purpose to engage a man, and he explains that as it is a long walk from the station to Madame Gerard's mansion, they will go by a short cut across the fields, which will bring them to their destination in less than an hour. To this arrangement the still unsuspecting Marie Pichon consents. All is going well. Dumollard staggers on with the heavy box and pictures his entrancing wife attired in one of poor little Marie's bonnets. They leave the village and enter a narrow, long, and lonely lane, from which no signs of light or habitation are visible. Thick bushes grow on either side, and behind are bare fields and the outline of gaunt, spectral trees. Night is closing in, and though the moon is out, her beams do not penetrate this dark and dreary lane. The pair walk on in silence for nearly half an hour. Then Dumollard drops the box in the wood and

DROPS THE BOX AND VOWS HE CAN CARRY IT NO FARTHER.

brother's house, and the girl goes in, leaving the murderer outside. He has to wait some time for her reappearance, but he is quite patient. It is all right. He has hooked his fish.

Marie Pichon—for that is the name of his "catch"—comes out again, accompanied by her brother's apprentice, who is carrying her box. That youth surveys the attendant Dumollard with no great favour. Hare-lip does not return his glances, but keeps his matted head away and affects to be deeply interested in the flight of some pigeons across the square. He does not care for dealing with men. Women are so much more pliable and are capable of less retaliation when being bludgeoned or strangled. However, he is obliged to relieve the apprentice of the box, and he stumbles on with it for some way, ultimately handing it over to a porter to carry to the railway station on the pretext of it being too heavy. Dumollard likes the weight of it. C'est vrai! this will be a good haul! Anne shall have several new gowns, and he will have——. Well, they vows that he can carry it no farther. They will, he says authoritatively, leave it in a field where it will be quite safe, and he will bring the chaise for it the first thing in the morning. Now, this is the usual stage of the proceedings for Hare-lip's victims to show serious alarm. Not so Marie Pichon. She objects to having her effects abandoned in this reckless fashion and resolutely declines to proceed without them. But Hare-lip is deaf to her remonstrances. He climbs the bank of the lane and throws the box into a ditch. Then he persuades his companion to proceed, assuring her that they are not far from madame's house, and that a rest and a good supper awaits them. Marie reluctantly consents to the abandonment of her box, and they leave and set out across some fields. The ruffian tries to wrench up a heavy stake he finds rooted in the ground, but fails to remove it, and the girl's suspicions are keenly aroused. She watches him with deep intensity, prepared to defend herself as best she can from a sudden and cowardly attack. He suggests that instead of follow-

ing she should precede him, and she notices that he fumbles about his loose blouse as if searching for some hidden weapon. The moon shines bravely at that moment and she perceives that they have reached the top of a hill and she observes a long, lonely straggling house—apparently in very bad repair—which shows no light at any of the windows. The poor girl, thus cruelly trapped, evinces serious alarm. "You have deceived me!" she exclaimed furiously; "I will go no farther with you—not an inch!" Dumollard attempted no reply. He quickly produced a cord with a running noose, and threw it at her head. It did not, however, twine itself round her neck as he expected, catching in her cap, and the girl who was strong and courageous, thrust her demoniacal guide with all her force away from her. He fell back two or three steps in complete astonishment at a resistance to which he was entirely unaccustomed, and for just a second the two glared into each other's eyes. She saw murder in his, and, with a shrill scream, she dashed down the hill. Fear lent her wings, and in this race for life the ruffian was no match for the fleet-footed girl. Long after he was out of sight she continued to run at her utmost speed, tearing across the fields and dashing through hedges as surely no woman has ever done before or since. Her clothes were torn from her body, her shoes cut and encrusted with mud, her face scratched and bleeding; but on and on she ran in the desperation of despair till at last she found a sanctuary. She came upon a farmhouse and found the farmer, who had just returned from a journey, unsaddling his horse. To him she told her fearful tale, and he immediately sent to Montluel for the village constable. It was now past midnight, but an immediate search of the neighbourhood was commenced, and Marie Pichon, tired as she was, accompanied the men to the spot where the ruffian had attacked her. There was the hill and the big, lonely building, but the box had disappeared. Dumollard had been home, and, with his wife's assistance, had removed the box, apparently in no fear that the girl's description of her assailant might lead to his immediate apprehension.

It appears to me remarkably strange that the house on the top of the hill was not searched on this occasion, and I have heard no explanation of this want of ordinary foresight and precaution. It was plain that the miscreant had taken refuge somewhere, to which place he had removed the box, and had the police forced an entrance into the house, Marie Pichon must have instantly identified Dumollard as the man who had deluded and attacked her. This lack of initiative seems the more remarkable in that Marie Pichon was able to give a full description of the wretch in question, which answered exactly to that of the wild and savage-looking peasant, Dumollard, who lived at the very house at which they were all gazing so earnestly. However, no steps were taken that night, and poor Marie was given a good night's rest and sent home next day to her brother at Lyons, rejoicing over her narrow escape.

Her story created an extraordinary sensation, and the disappearance of many girls from 1855 to 1861 was recalled to mind. There had been vague rumours, too, of a man who was in the habit of attacking and robbing women of the working class in this very neighbourhood, and the descriptions given by those who had escaped his delicate attentions all coincided with that afforded by Marie Pichon. Dumollard's extraordinary aspect, once seen, could never be forgotten. A complete inquiry into all the circumstances was commenced, and it then transpired that in 1855 a girl named Josephine Charletz was accosted by a rough-looking man at Lyons and offered a situation in a rural district. He took her to a lonely part of the country and his manner was so threatening that she became thoroughly alarmed, and she suddenly fled from him, taking refuge in a farmhouse near at hand. In November of that year a girl of the name of Bourgeois was taken by a similar man to a lonely spot on the Strasbourg Road and violence was attempted her in a dense wood, to which the villain lured her on some pretence. Much more serious was the discovery made in the wood of Trumages on February 28 in the same year. Four men were shooting in Montluel wood, and they found the body of a young woman hidden in a thicket and covered over with brushwood. She had been dead for two or three days, and had been killed by heavy blows on the head, inflicted with some rough weapon. The corpse had been stripped of all clothing, and the girl had been subjected to another sort of violence before being murdered. She was afterwards identified as Marie Buday, a domestic servant in a situation at La Guillotière, who had left her place on February 25, 1855, in order to embark on some new duties in the country at increased wages. A countryman had secured her the place, she said, and he had made a precisely similar proposal to a girl named Marie Carte, who—disliking the villain's aspect—refused to listen to the voice of the charmer. A friend of hers, Olympe Alabert, was less abstemious. She accepted the offer of a good situation, went away with the same countryman, and was never afterwards heard of. Her body was never discovered, and I am inclined to think that the murderous brute buried her, and that her bones now repose in some secret and unhallowed grave. That she was murdered by Dumollard there cannot be the

She dashed down the hill.

slightest doubt; but the miscreant would never tell the true story of all his abominations.

There would appear to have been considerable previous misgivings in the vicinity on the subject of Dumollard, and that person was always the object of much vague suspicion. Two rural officers visited his dwelling a few days after the incident of Marie Pichon, and the unsatisfactory nature of the replies made by the man and his wife to the questions put to them by no means told in their favour. A little later the dwelling was searched and the operation was conducted by officials from Lyons. Astounding discoveries were made. Scores and hundreds of articles of feminine attire were found within the house, mute witnesses of many horrible crimes. There were hats and bonnets, and caps of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, and dresses in multifarious designs. Many of the garments were stained with blood, and a quantity were hauled up from the well at the rear of the premises. A few days afterwards another and even more extensive examination was made, and great quantities of similar clothing were found in the outhouses as well as boxes and trunks filled with such things as ser-

vants might be expected to bring with them. Here was proof as strong as holy writ of hundreds of crimes, and the utmost consternation prevailed throughout the country. Every day for weeks the police learnt of the mysterious disappearances of domestic servants, and one and all were attributed—no doubt justly—to the unexampled fiend who was at length laid by the heels.

Dumollard himself was arrested on the occasion of the first police visit to this charnel-house, and that of his wife soon followed. For a time the pair of worthies were lodged in gaol at Lyons, and immense crowds congregated about the prison and the courthouse where the preliminary judicial investigation took place. The utmost detestation towards the prisoners was expressed on all hands, the women being particularly vindictive, and fearful would their fate have been if they had been relegated to the tender mercies of the good people of Lyons. Dumollard was confronted with Marie Pichon, and surveyed her calmly with no look or sign of recognition. But the girl knew the monster at

She found the farmer.

once—could she ever forget the adventures of that day?—and he was also identified by the apprentice who had handed over to him her box outside her brother's house. The murderer was plied with questions in order to extort some confession or admission; but he preserved a cunning air of sullen stupidity—partly assumed at least—and often, when hard pressed, took refuge in sulky and obstinate silence.

"What did you do with Marie Pichon's box?" he was asked again and again, and at last the truculent brute ejaculated, "For the Holy Saints' sake, find out!" Even this was regarded as an admission of a kind, and it became necessary to rigidly examine his interesting wife, who was already preparing to avert calamity from herself. That the game was up was quite clear to her, and she began to give valuable information to the authorities after the manner of her kind. She had no wish to accompany her husband in his introduction to the much-dreaded Monsieur de Paris!

She declared that Dumollard had brought home a box on the night of the attempted murder of Marie Pichon, and that he had informed her how his attack upon that young woman had failed. He suggested that they should take, for safety's sake, the contents of Marie's well-filled box to the Rowillones wood, and there destroy everything by fire, so that none of her property might be found in their possession if the affair led to any inquiry. The authorities ordered that the wood should be examined, and traces of a large fire were speedily found. Amongst the charred fragments were many which Marie was able to recognise as part of her property, including some books and other belongings. A few days later Madame Dumollard became even more communicative. She stated that her husband had murdered a girl in the Mont Main wood some two and a half years before, and that a watch found in his possession and for which he could not account had belonged to this dead and forgotten female. She added that he had hid the body while he returned home with the watch and some garments, and had gone back to the spot with a spade in order to dig a grave for the victim of his barbarity. The wood of Mont Main was about a mile from Dumollard's house, and was situated at the base of a hill. To this lonely spot were brought Dumollard and his wife in charge of many officers, the magistrate, and quite a little army of workmen supplied with spades and shovels. The woman was pale and agitated, but the man retained his stolid, unconcerned demeanour, and watched the long and painful efforts of his guardians with an air of great indifference. His wife had no precise idea as to where the remains had been buried; but Dumollard saw the officers approach the exact spot without betraying the least symptoms of anxiety. After a long and fruitless search a depression in the earth was noticed, and the men came to the conclusion that the earth had been comparatively recently disturbed. The place was dug over and human bones were soon revealed. In a few minutes the almost complete skeleton of a woman was brought to light and under it were found a comb and a lock of brown hair. The skull had been smashed in by repeated blows with some heavy weapon, and a thick stake lay by the side of the remains. Aghast at these evidences of yet another frightful crime, the magistrate turned upon the murderer with fury and demanded to know if, with the bones of his victim there before his eyes he still denied his guilt. The brutal peasant, held by two of the gendarmes, persisted in his denials and declared that no one could say that he had murdered "this one or any other." His wife—not pained at the discovery, but eager to save her own life—remarked, "You yourself told me that you had killed a woman and had buried her here in these woods." The savage turned furiously upon her. "You lie, you——" he said in accents hoarse with rage. "I never told you that." "Then how did I know the body was buried here?" asked the woman, and back went Dumollard into his usual retreat—a sullen, stupid silence. He was taken back to Lyons, and again narrowly escaped the fury of the crowds.

Through the revelations of his less guilty partner further awful discoveries were made. She declared that the wretch was in the habit of stunning his victims with one tremendous blow from behind, that he then wreaked on them his disgusting animal propensities, and completed their destruction usually before a return of consciousness. She remembered his telling her of one murder in particular, and her information induced the authorities to search a wood known as the Bois des Communes. Here was unearthed the complete skeleton of another woman, and medical examination revealed some shocking circumstances connected with this particular case, for something in the nature of the earth in which it had been buried had preserved the corpse in a remarkable way. The hands clutched pieces of earth and the peculiar tension and contraction of the limbs convinced the surgeons who examined the remains that the woman had been buried alive while unconscious from a blow on the back part of the head, which had only been severe enough to stun. Yes, this remorseless fiend had not waited to hand his victim over to death's

more tender mercies, but had cast the still-breathing, sentient body into a rough hole in the earth and had trampled down the soil about it and around it with his wooden shoes! This victim proved to be Marie Bursod, whom Dumollard had encountered at Lyons and had lured to this unsanctified grave on the pretence that a good situation was awaiting her. Nine girls escaped from his hands in all, and told their stories to the police, and four had sought assistance to recover property lost in their headlong flight; but to the eternal shame of the authorities in that Department of France, only the most feeble efforts were made to discover the marauder, and for over seven years he was permitted to pursue this awful life with absolute impunity. Yet at the neighbouring village of Ballam the hare-lip brute had been suspected for years.

Six murders were proved against him at the trial; but none can doubt that his victims numbered very many more than these. Over twelve hundred articles of female clothing were discovered on the premises of this modern Sawney Beane, and only forty of these were ever identified. What

Came across the body.

had become of the owners of all the rest? Where are their remains?

The trial took place at Bourg on January 20, 1862, and Dumollard was sentenced to death, while his partner—who was tried as accessory and accomplice—was sent to the galleys for life. The man maintained his stolid air of ferocious stupidity to the last and would confess nothing. The details of his unthinkable offences appeared to move him not in the slightest degree. He heard his doom pronounced with indifference, and shrugged his stooping shoulders as the judge in bitter terms denounced him and his evil deeds.

He was executed on Saturday, March 8, 1862, at seven o'clock in the morning. The guillotine was erected at Montluel, the scene of his crimes, and it took a day and a night to bring him to that place from Paris. Enormous crowds gathered to see the last of this historical murderer, and his appearance on the scaffold, indifferent to the last, was the signal for an outburst of popular indignation. His wife, too, was denounced in unmeasured terms, and great regret was expressed on all sides that she had been reprieved.

THOMAS FURY,

A Clever and Remarkable Criminal.

Rendered desperate by the pains and penalties of penal servitude, he destroyed himself by confessing to a brutal murder which he had committed thirteen years before, and for which he suffered death.

"In spite of talents misdirected, and energies misapplied, it still seems a pity that Thomas Fury should occupy a felon's grave."

—DAILY NEWSPAPER.

THE murder of an unfortunate by a drunken sailor is not, unhappily, so astonishingly rare an event as to create anything more than the most transitory sensation or fleeting interest. The tragedy we are about to describe was sordid and commonplace enough, but there were circumstances connected therewith which lifted it out of the common rut of crime and made the case almost a memorable one. The criminal himself was a most extraordinary being. Possessed of acute intelligence and remarkable, if undisciplined talent, he stands out head and shoulders above the men whose deeds of blood resembled his own. While serving a long sentence of penal servitude, this man applied himself to the absorption of as much knowledge as he could cram into his cranium, and, blessed with a retentive memory, he secured for himself and by himself a first-class education. It is recorded that he announced to the Government while still a convict that he had succeeded in discovering a cheap and efficient substitute for coal, and the authorities actually supplied him with such books and information as he required for the furtherance of this project. Goaded, however, into desperation by what he described as the "brutal and degrading system of penal servitude," and by the ill-treatment, as he said, of his gaolers, he wrote on his prison slate a confession of a murder which had remained a mystery for a number of years. The subsequent confession, written by the prisoner after his condemnation, and forwarded by him to the Press, is one of the cleverest and most remarkable statements ever made by a murderer. It excited great interest and admiration at the time, and induced the leader-writer of a great Northern newspaper to pen the comment which we have taken the liberty of quoting above.

But while giving Thomas Fury credit for extraordinary intelligence, the fact must not be lost sight of that he was a very great villain. Even if his statement is true that he was under the influence of drink at the time, the murder of which he was guilty was a very brutal one, and he did not hesitate to accuse an innocent man of the crime of which he alone was guilty. For the sake of the reward he would have seen O'Connor hanged while having the best of reasons for knowing him to be innocent. In this respect, Fury strongly resembled his predecessor Mullens, who was hanged in the sixties for the murder of Mrs. Elmsley, at Stepney. This miscreant would never, in all probability, have been even suspected had he not endeavoured to entangle one Emms into the net he had devilishly contrived for him.

That Fury was able to avoid capture for so long is not the least striking feature of his strange case. His person was well known to both the London and the Sunderland police, and circumstances strongly pointed to his guilt from the first. But with amazing fatuity the authorities allowed him to slip through their fingers, and it was under an alias that he was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude for burglary with violence. And now to relate the story of his crime.

On Saturday, February 20, 1869, an unfortunate named Maria Fitzsimmons was murdered in her bedroom at Sunderland under circumstances of extreme atrocity. This woman had been seen during the day drinking at various public-houses with a man having the appearance of a seaman, and evidence was not wanting to show that they had quarrelled, and that the man had treated her with much violence. Fitzsimmons lived by herself in a house in Baines Lane, Sunderland. She occupied the middle floor, and neither the top nor the basement was tenanted at this time. The body of the girl was found under the bed with no less than ten incised wounds on the breast, several penetrating the heart, and one or two had been inflicted with such force that they had penetrated the cartilage of the ribs. At the inquest, much evidence was forthcoming as to the man who had been in the company of the deceased throughout the day of the murder, and one witness proved that he had been seen to knock her down and ill-treat her very much. They had not parted, however, in consequence, and the man undoubtedly accompanied her home; but after that he disappeared from Sunderland, and no arrest was made. No one was able to identify the woman's assailant as Fury, though he answered to the description supplied by the witnesses, and the inquest ended in the usual verdict.

Thomas Fury was, at the date in question, a cook on board a vessel named "The Lollard," plying between Sunderland and London, and he went by the name of Wright. He was a young man, about 25, bright and intelligent, but drank heavily, and, according to his own account of himself, he was a drunkard almost as a child.

She was drinking with a seaman.

At the time of the murder "The Lollard" lay in the river at Sunderland, and she remained there till March 7, when she sailed for London, and on the 9th arrived safely in the Thames. Soon after her arrival, a strange discovery was made bearing on the murder of the poor girl at Sunderland. A man named Dyason happened to be bathing in the Serpentine, and he picked up a pocket-book bearing on it the name of Lawrence. Now, a man of the name of Lawrence was employed on board "The Lollard," and he came forward to explain that he had lost his pocket-book at the time that "Wright," or rather Fury, left the ship. In this book was a statement, addressed to the coroner of Sunderland, professedly made on behalf of the innocent persons likely to be charged with the murder of the girl, and it made a confession that the writer was the murderer. He said it would be useless to seek for him, as when this confession met the eyes of those it was intended for he would be well on his way to America. He then went on to describe the knife with which he had committed the murder, but the weapon was not found. The police expressed themselves satisfied that the writer was really the murderer, and the pocket-book was sent down to Sunderland.

Shortly after, Fury, who was well known to the police both in London and at the northern town, called on Inspector Hann of the Metropolitan Police and asked him if he had heard of the Sunderland murder, and whether or not a reward had yet been offered for the apprehension of the murderer. Hann replied, "Yes, £100 has been offered," and Fury then said, "If you will be straightforward with me, I will be straightforward with you. I know who the murderer is. I know where to find him." He made an appointment to meet Hann the following day in the East End of London for the purpose of pointing out the murderer. Hann kept the appointment, and he and Fury met a man named O'Connor. After some little conversation, Fury said, "That is the man," and the unfortunate O'Connor was arrested and charged with the crime. He was brought up at the Guildhall before the Lord Mayor, and after Inspector Hann had given evidence, the prisoner was remanded in order that Fury might give testimony. Before the adjourned case came on, Fury called on Hann at the Police Station, Fetter Lane, and was told that Inspector Elliott had come to London from Sunderland. The informer showed much alarm at this information, and remarked that he thought that Detective Peacock would have been sent to London, the fact being that Fury was afraid that Elliott would instantly recognise him.

Hann then went into another room, consulted with Inspector Elliott, and then returned to Fury, informing him that the inspector had traced the murderer up to London on board "The Lollard."

He added that Elliott was then going to Wapping to secure the attendance of Captain Smith, of the "Lollard," in order that he might identify the murderer in court. Fury seemed greatly disconcerted at this information, turned pale, and got out of the office with much more haste than he had entered it. He was foolishly permitted to depart, and from that moment he completely disappeared, nothing more being heard of him till he made his startling confession in 1882. In the meanwhile, O'Connor was again brought before the magistrates, but nothing could be proved against him, and he was discharged.

Of Fury's proceedings during this long interval of years little has been revealed to us. Under the name of Curt, however, it is known that he committed a burglary with violence in the year 1879, and that he was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. No one recognised him as Thomas Fury, and it would never have been known that Curt, the convict, was really the Sunderland murderer had he not himself supplied the information.

On March 13th, 1882, "Curt" made his revelation, with the inevitable result that he was tried for the murder of Maria Fitzsimmons, in 1869, on April 24, 1882, before Sir Watkin Williams, at the Durham Spring Assizes. In spite of his confession, the prisoner pleaded, as he had been advised, "Not guilty," and he was defended by Mr. Milvain and Mr. Manisty, while the case for the Crown was conducted by Mr. Skidmore and Mr. Jones. Great interest was manifested in the proceedings, and the court was crowded. The prisoner was described as Thomas Fury, 37 years of age, a sailor, alias Wright, alias Henry Charles Curt, and he appeared in his convict garb. Mr. Skidmore described the main details of the case to the jury, and then proceeded to call witnesses, of whom William Lawrence, a sailor on board the "Lollard" in 1869, identified the pocket-book found in the Serpentine as his property. James Gilmore was called, and stated that he remembered seeing the girl Fitzsimmons in company with a man at the time of the murder. He was not able, at this length of time, to swear that the prisoner was the man he had seen with the deceased, but he described the clothing worn by the man in question, and it was proved that Fury was so dressed at that time.

Margaret Lafferty, a married woman, stated that in 1869 she lived next door to the deceased at Sunderland, and that she remembered the time of the murder. She was disturbed by hearing shouts of "Murder!" coming from the house next door, and when she went in she found deceased standing on the stair-head, with a wild mien and her hair hanging down. A man was standing just behind her, and she said to witness, "Oh! this nasty vagabond! He has been ill-using me." The witness did not like to interfere, and returned to her own house, but later on she saw the deceased lying dead. She was not able to identify the man she had seen with Fitzsimmons. It was this witness who, after making the discovery beneath the bed, ran out and told the police. A man named Plummer Ellis stated that he was a police-constable at Sunderland in 1869, and that he was called to the house by the last witness, and that he found the body underneath the bed.

Matthew Francis, a surgeon, said that he went to the

house just before eleven o'clock, and when he first saw the deceased she had been dead three or four hours. Her hair was matted with blood, and her dress much disordered. He examined the body and found nine wounds in the region of the heart, all of which might have been covered by the palm of the hand, so close were they. There was a tenth wound close to the left nipple of the breast, but that injury was quite superficial, and of the two wounds on her back, though one was rather deep, it did not penetrate the cavity of her chest. All the wounds had been made with the same knife, and the cuts in the deceased's dress corresponded with them. The wounds were all of a clean, incised character, and they could not possibly have been self-inflicted. The late Dr. Evans had also examined the body of the deceased, and his conclusions had been the same as those of Dr. Francis.

Albert Smith, captain in 1869 of the schooner "Lollard," identified the prisoner as the man he had known as Wright, and stated that the latter was at Sunderland at the time of the murder. John Sandford Dyason deposed that he had found the pocket-book produced while bathing in the Serpentine many years ago, and James Hann, detective-officer, also gave evidence. Charles Cosgrove was then called, and he said that he was chief warder at Pentonville Prison. On March 13th last he received a communication from the prisoner, a convict at Pentonville, under the name of Curt, who had asked to see the governor. The witness was present at the interview between the prisoner and the governor. Fury brought with him the slate which is placed in every convict's cell, and it was found that he had written a statement which amounted to a confession of murder. The prisoner informed the governor that the statement was true, and he wanted the confession to be brought to the notice of the authorities, so that no innocent person might suffer for it. Ultimately, one of the directors of the gaol saw the prisoner, who adhered to his statement, and gave additional particulars with regard to the crime.

The confession was read by Mr. Bromley, Clerk of Assize, and it proved to be a long and elaborate account of the murder. Charles Chabot, an expert in handwriting, stated that the writing on the slate and that in the book found in the Serpentine were, in his opinion, one and the same, and he gave many reasons for this opinion.

The jury, after an ingenious but unconvincing speech for the defence, and a careful summing-up by the judge, retired at 7.5, and returned in exactly an hour with a verdict of "Guilty." The prisoner commenced a long speech, and, though several times interrupted by the judge, would not be silenced. Ultimately he was induced to be quiet, and sentence of death was pronounced.

While awaiting execution the prisoner prepared a long and exhaustive analysis of the case, which was subsequently published in full by most of the leading papers in the North of England. He denounced the "barbarities" of the penal system, and said that he was driven to confession by the brutalities he had to submit to at the hands of the warders, which he likened in a clever passage to the atrocities of the Turks in Bulgaria. He also indulged in much reflection as to the effects of drink on himself and his family, and said positively that drink alone had induced him to commit the horrible crime. He added that he had suffered such tortures at Chatham and Pentonville that death would be a welcome release from them. The prisoner, in his statement, quoted Byron and Shakespeare, and showed an intimate acquaintance with many learned authors.

Thomas Fury was executed on May 16, 1882, at Durham. Marwood was the executioner, and the prisoner, who had evinced the utmost resignation and fortitude throughout, died without a struggle.

It may be added that his description of the horrors of prison-life was well written, and bore every indication of being the absolute truth.

Fury left behind him a volume of reminiscences—or, rather, the material for such a work—and it is now in the possession of the governor of Durham Gaol. The book was never published, but I have been permitted to glance through the extraordinary mass of reflective notes left behind by this remarkable murderer, and very interesting they are.

Fury relates some anecdotes that are really quaint and amusing, and some are grim enough in all conscience.

His accounts of how he contrived to evade the rules of the various gaols in which he was confined for various periods during his lawless life make very amusing reading, and he shows throughout a keen intelligence and a superior education.

Some of his reflections are by no means wanting in logical sense, and they might with advantage have been carefully studied by those who make the criminal laws of this country. Fury concluded this history of his life by saying: "I have died the death of a murderer; in another and a wiser age I might have died honoured and respected, for I have felt that in me lay energies which, if properly applied, might have made me even famous and—who knows?—justly so."

FURY ACCUSES O'CONNOR OF THE MURDER.

CHAPTER II.

IN our last number we described the punishment of the mazzatello, which was the legal form of execution in the Papal States of Italy as lately as the commencement of the nineteenth century. For the scene of our descriptions in this article we shall still be in the sunny peninsula, but we must ask our readers to go back in fancy to the latter half of the first century of the Christian Era. Rome was then the chief power in the world, and the legions of the emperors who sat on the ivory chair in the city of Seven Hills were dreaded far and wide. Roman law was the ruling code throughout the civilised world, the Roman governors were to be found installed, almost like princes, in numerous countries which, though they bore foreign names, yet bowed to the authority of Rome, and "Civis Romanus sum" ("I am a Roman citizen") was the proudest boast a man could utter. The glories of Greece, the feats of Alexander, the power of the Pharaohs, all had passed away and were forgotten in the glamour of Rome, mistress of the world, and source of all civilisation and progress.

Yet it was in fair Rome that the cruellest of methods of execution obtained. Grown luxurious, the appetites of the Romans sought fresh sensations, and, alas! the sensations which most pleased them were those excited by witnessing the torments of their fellow-men. The canker had attacked the tree, and the seed of downfall was sown.

Emperors sought to please the people, dreading that the loss of their own popularity would be the immediate precursor of their assassination. The bloody Nero had treated the masses to the spectacle of Christians being tortured; he had lit the grounds of his palace, nay, even the very streets of the capital, with the flaming bodies of those whom he regarded as criminals, and he had died a violent death. Vespasian, slightly less cruel, had constructed the enormous Colosseum, the ruins of which stand to this day, at once the glory and the reproach of the Roman. The public had been fed with blood, craved for blood, and had to be feasted on blood.

How was this done? Simply by making the execution of criminals public spectacles, and by selecting varying modes of torment for the different culprits; so that the truculent populace might have variety. Let us be present at one of these Roman blood-feasts and witness the legal slaying of several persons who have fallen under the ban of the cruel laws of the period.

As we enter the Forum we see crowds hurrying along in the direction of the Celian Hill. From every bye street emerge dense masses of people; these dwellers on the Capitoline Hill, these coming from the Palatine, and again these from the Viminale and Quirinale Mounts; all join the vast throng which pushes and jostles along the Forum, away from the River Tiber.

Some great fête is undoubtedly in progress, for all wear their holiday attire. Here comes a magistrate, his attendants carrying their bundles of rods and the axe—symbol of the power of life or death—clearing a passage for their august master; there we see the patrician, wearing his purple-edged robe, demanding passage from the commoner herd whom he despised as plebeians. Still, good humour prevails, for all are bent on enjoyment.

As we pass through the crowd we can hear snatches of conversation. "They say there are ten to-day, Publius." "Even so; and a few Christian dogs." "The emperor has fresh lions from Syria." "Great Bacchus! as well as the tigers from Ind?" "So it is rumoured." "Bah! give me the Lybyan net-throwers. I love a good fight." "Antodinous, the new gladiator, has arrived." "But he won't engage to-day. No, no; he is to be kept for another feast." "I heard in the market that he will kill a few, just to show his mettle." "Praise the gods, if it is so!" "Will Clytella be there, think you?" "Sure to be, unless the emperor has got tired of her already. She is a brave little lady for her class. Did you see her turn her tiny thumb down last week when that fine young slave fell before the gladiator?" "Ay, and she never flinched, though he died hard. She might almost be a Roman."

And so the chatter goes on around us, as we are forced along towards the huge building which can be dimly discerned through the dust ahead of us. At last, with the crush we are pushed through the door, and find a seat on the stone benches which almost surround the vast edifice. The place forms an immense oval, with a wide expanse of sand in the middle, the seats rising in tiers around it. We are reminded of an enormous circus, and our memory does not play us false, for we are in the Colosseum, the chief of all the circuses of the world.

To one side of us there is a sumptuous box, draped with purple hangings, and covered with a rich awning. We learn that it is the seat of the emperor, who will be present to witness the spectacle which he is giving to his people, in the hopes of gaining their applause. On all sides the huge amphitheatre is crowded, there being a goodly number of women present. Certain parts of the "house" are set apart for the aristocracy, and there the ladies are most numerous. The sun streams down on the yellow sand of the arena, and on the parti-coloured dresses of the audience, making a scene of indescribable splendour.

And all this to witness an execution, you ask? Yes; to see several people, whom to-day we should adjudge innocent, suffer cruel deaths.

Presently there is a stir, the ushers cry aloud, and the people stand up, while the air resounds with shouts of "Ave Cæsar! Hail, O King!" Proudly the emperor, followed by his favourites and his female associates, enters his box and takes his seat. The Romans notice that Clytella is present, and greet her with cheers of "Hail! hail!" for though she is but the emperor's mistress for the time being, she is a person of power at the moment, and homage to her may avert the ruler's frown.

At a signal from the emperor, the trumpets blare forth, and a procession of those who are to engage in the gladia-

torial fights marches into the arena, and straight across the sand till it halts before the imperial throne. With one voice they give utterance to the pathetic cry, "Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te salutant!" "Hail, O Cæsar! Those who are about to die salute thee!"

Some of the prospective victims are naked, save for a loin cloth, and defenceless; others carry nets like fishers' nets; others, again, are clad in mail and wear helmets. These last are the professional gladiators, themselves in many cases condemned to death, but who have espoused the calling of gladiators to stave off the day of doom. Still, each time that they enter the ring may be the last, and their death will then be their execution. A few only have adopted the calling from choice, and for the love of fighting.

Following this band of combatants comes another crowd of human beings, some women, some men. They are bound, and seem bowed down with sorrow. Before the imperial box they, too, utter the pitiful cry, "We who are about to die salute thee!" and are then led back to the dark dungeons beneath the seats of the amphitheatre.

Swords flashed through the air.

Then the arena is cleared, and the "fun" begins in earnest.

The first contest is between a professional gladiator and a fine young Greek, who has been adjudged worthy of death. Both are protected by breastplate and helmet, and both armed with short, heavy swords. They again salute Cæsar, and take up a position well in the centre of the ring. At a signal the fight commences. The professional has taken care to place his adversary with the sun in his eyes, but the Greek notices this and tries to change his position. Swords flash through the air and come crashing down on the iron breast-plates, while every now and then a loud cry of "Habet!" ("He's got it!") resounds through the vast auditorium, and a moment or two later a thin purple stream can be seen trickling down the armour of one or other of the combatants.

Gradually the Greek bears his opponent round till he has the sun on his back, a manœuvre which is cheered by the crowd, with whom the gladiator is not popular. Then the attack is redoubled. Apparently the professional trusts to physical force entirely, for he deals blow after blow with tremendous vigour, while the Greek parries skilfully. To all appearance, the victory is with the condemned man, but there comes a change. While attempting to avoid a crushing stroke the poor Greek slips. In an instant the gladiator's foot is on his neck, and the victor raises his sword and looks towards the imperial box in triumph. It would spoil the sport if the man were actually killed in the course of the fight. Rome likes to linger over the advent of death.

Cæsar smiles grimly as he glances at the conqueror, and then whispers to pretty Clytella. That dainty dame bends forward and slowly surveys the vanquished Greek; then, with a little shrug of her shoulder, as if to express her distaste for his person, she stretches out her tiny hand and deliberately turns her thumb downwards. The people, seeing how their sovereign's mistress chooses, also turn their thumbs down, for that is the signal for death to the conquered. Pretending to take the vote of the assembly, though he knows full well which way it will go, the gladiator slowly scans the auditorium, and then looks meaningly at his fallen foe, whose eyes are dim with loss of blood, and whose mouth is parched with the heat and dust of battle. He knows what that look means, but he does not flinch. Fate was against him; that was all that was wrong.

Slowly raising his sword, as if to prolong the anticipation as much as possible, the gladiator prepares to deliver the fatal blow. The huge audience is silent, straining their ears for the delicious music of the death-stroke and the murmur of the parting breath. The excitement is intense, the heart almost stops, so highly-strung are the nerves. Then the blade quivers, and in an instant is plunged deep into the heart of the prostrate Greek. With a dexterous twist, the gladiator turns his blade, and a crimson fount springs into the air. The Colosseum seems filled with one tremulous, vibrating gasp. The Greek is dead.

Then the applause breaks out, shouts of rejoicing rend the air, and many tongues proclaim the emperor's bounty in providing such a spectacle. Yet Cæsar knows that the people are not satisfied; they are merely polite. His delicate ear can mark the intonations which tell him whether he has gained the popular favour.

The gladiator withdraws his weapon, and, with it dripping with the life-blood of his victim, salutes his emperor, and retires, rejoicing that, at least, he can live till the next show-day. The body is removed, fresh sand sprinkled on the floor of the arena, and all is ready for the next contest, which is between a Lybyan net-thrower and a fresh gladiator.

The net-thrower, or retiarius, was a slave who loved freedom, and so was condemned to die. Besides his net, he is armed with a three-pronged fork. The gladiator is fully armed and armoured, while the Lybyan is clad but in a leopard skin. After the customary salutations, the struggle commences.

The object of the retiarius is to entangle his adversary in the folds of his net so that he can kill him with the trident. The contest, therefore, is of a more open order than the previous fight. The net-thrower pursues his opponent, whirling the net round his head, while the agility of the armoured Roman is wonderful to witness. Occasionally, as the strain of the net prevents the Lybyan from turning very rapidly, the gladiator darts behind him and manages to inflict a slight wound with his sword before his enemy can catch him. Cries of "Habet!" cleave the air, and the blood flows, but none of the wounds are serious. Round the arena the pair rush, their flight being ever punctuated by a brief interchange of blows from the gladiator, which the retiarius parries with the shaft of his trident.

The battle is getting tame, and the spectators grow a little restless. The Lybyan sees that something must be done, or else the fight will be merely a test of endurance. He is pursuing the swordsman, when suddenly he halts and commences to retreat. The gladiator, thinking that he has at length exhausted the net-thrower, in turn takes up the rôle of aggressor. But that is exactly what the Lybyan wants. At first he retreats slowly, but gradually he gains speed, till the heavily-clad swordsman is racing after him as fast as possible. Then there is a sudden flash. The retiarius has checked his flight abruptly and sprung to one side, while the mail-clad figure, borne on by the impetus, has been unable to follow the movement. The net flies through the air, and the next instant the gladiator is struggling on the ground, wrapped round and round in its deadly folds.

Loud were the huzzas which burst from the excited throng, and when the Lybyan looked up at the royal box he fully expected to see the delicate thumb of the courtesan turned upwards, for he hardly expected that the emperor would desire the death of the gladiator. But Clytella shook her fair head when Cæsar spoke to her, and, murmuring, "The trident! Such an opportunity!" deliberately turned

her thumb down, and, of course, the people followed suit, for they, too, were desirous of seeing the three-pronged fork in use.

Again the silence and again the tense excitement while the retiarius raised his weapon. With a thud he brought it down, the three deadly spikes penetrating the breast of the stricken foe; but the blow was not mortal. Again he stabbed his prostrate enemy, and yet again. The spectators craned their heads over the barriers to watch the novel sight, and feasted their eyes on the blood-red streams that welled from the many punctures in the wounded man's bosom. At last a cry escaped from the gladiator, and instantly the air rang with shouts of "Craven!" for the Roman preferred to see a man die silently.

Stab after stab the Lybyan delivered, while the people stared with glazed eyeballs at the scene, and then came the death-gasp, and the gladiator was no more. He died a coward, so his corpse was dragged out of the arena with ignominy, while the Lybyan turned to the imperial box to learn his own fate. Cæsar was in favour of granting him his liberty, but the gentle Clytella argued the matter with her protector, and at last the edict went forth that the Lybyan should fight again in the general mêlée which was to take place later on. Crestfallen, he departed to the dungeons to await what he knew was certain death.

Still, he had little else to hope for, for the custom was either to make the conqueror fight again or to condemn him to slavery, unless he chose to embrace the calling of a professional gladiator.

Several similar contests followed, and gradually the emperor saw that the people were getting tired of that form of amusement; so he gave orders for the general mêlée to take place. First, there entered a band of captives, runaway slaves, criminals who had conquered in previous fights, and a few simple convicts who had grown too old to be of service to the State. These were for the most part unarmed, though a few were allowed a spear or some similar weapon.

After them came a body of gladiators, well armed and protected with armour, as if to fight some worthy foe, and not to slay a mob of defenceless mortals. Some bore swords, some axes, and others spears, to give variety to the entertainment.

At a word from the Royal box the onslaught commenced, the crowd chasing the flying victims round the arena. What an opportunity for the audience to indulge in witticisms, an opportunity which was not missed. Each slash at the unprotected creatures was met with rounds of applause from the spectators. "Go it, daddy!" they would shout as an aged convict fled from a burly gladiator who kept pricking him with a long spear. "Necessity is a sharp spur, daddy!" yelled the delighted mob, as a vicious jab brought a stream of blood from the old man's back. And so on.

NO SOUND ESCAPED HER LIPS.

After about twenty minutes the butchery was ended, for the trained gladiators knew that they must prolong the agonies of their victims just sufficiently long to please the crowd, without boring them.

Cæsar glances round on the people to see if he can with safety reserve any of the entertainment for another day, but the scent of blood has maddened the populace, and there are shouts of "The lions, Cæsar, the lions!" The blood lust has swept over the audience, and, till appeased with the sickening reek of human gore, till the eyes are satiated with horrors worse than any nightmare, the fierce Romans will not leave the Colosseum. So the order goes forth that Christians and others who have offended the religious laws of Rome are to be thrown to the wild beasts.

Far down in the dark dungeons attached to the Colosseum the unhappy convicts have been kept in waiting, ignorant of the exact time or even day when they are to face death. Possibly several "entertainments" have been held while they have been immured, and we can picture the awful suspense with which they have waited, as they have heard the sound of trumpets and the tramp of feet, betokening the progress of the Royal feast of blood, and wondering if the next to stand on the sand of the arena would be themselves. Patiently they waited in the darkness, some conscious of innocence, others cowering under a load of guilt which they had to expiate by a cruel death.

At last the gaoler enters the cell and selects one. Tender farewells are exchanged, and the victim is led from the darkness out into the sunlight. A howl of execration greets the poor mortal, who takes his stand in the centre of the sun-scorched ring. "Great Cæsar! Salute the Emperor!" yells the crowd, and the cowering man repeats the ancient

formula, the while his eyes are fixed on a low door at the farther end of the huge arena.

At a signal the door is opened by attendants, who instantly jump out of danger, and from the dark'den there springs a lion, fierce, hungry, but recently brought from the plains of Syria or the sandy fastnesses of Africa. The dazzling sunlight blinds him for an instant, but the reek of blood which fills the place catches his nostrils, and to him the scent of gore is the precursor of meat. Then his eye lights on the solitary figure standing on the sand.

Following the instinct of the cat tribe, the lion does not immediately attack his prey. No, he circles round and round the shrinking mortal, who stands, as if dazed, fascinated by the baleful eyes of the monster. The excitement is intense as the animal crouches to spring. Every breath is hushed, every heart stands still. Will he spring now? See his tail as it sways to and fro? Now is the moment—now!

But a rustle in the auditorium disturbed the king of the forest, and he rose, again to circle round his prey, and to prolong the agony of anticipation in the breast of the poor wretch so completely at his mercy. Again he crouches. The evil eyes gleam, the saliva drips from his reeking jaws, his lips are recurved. Every hair in his shaggy mane is erect, and quivers of fierce excitement can be noted as he braces his muscles for the spring. The lashing tail stills down till it but thumps the ground, to which the huge animal seems to cling. Then comes the moment.

With a mighty roar he launches himself on his victim, who involuntarily seeks to avoid him, and springs back a pace. The beast just misses him, but in passing catches him a blow with his dreadful talons that strips a mass of flesh as large as a plate from the man's shoulder. Blood pours down on to the ground. The lion smells it, and a third time crouches to attack his enemy—man. This time the huge body hurtles through the air; but the victim is too faint to evade it, and the man is borne to the ground beneath the ponderous weight of the lion.

There is stillness in the Colosseum, save for the crunching of bones, as the lion grasps his prey by the limbs. Then the instinct of the feline again comes into play, and the great animal toys with the wounded human being, much as a cat does with a mouse. The first pat on the head from the monster's paw, however, crushes the man's skull like an eggshell, and the brains are scattered on the sand. Then the animal realises that his food is ripe for the eating, and commences his horrid meal, while the people applaud. But soon they tire, for it is the killing they wish to witness, so orders are given and attendants with torches on long poles drive the lion back to his cage, his jaws dripping and his beard soaked in blood, while as he goes scraps of flesh fall from his hideous jaws.

The next victim falls a prey to a tiger, whost gaunt sides and faded skin betoken long days of fasting. The convict is an elderly man, and he reels as he passes the mangled remains of his predecessor; still, he recovers himself, and stands firm while "Stripes" glares at him, and strives to approach behind him. The man attempts to face his foe, and the two wheel round and round together, the tiger growling fiercely, and lashing his sides with his tail. "Stir him up! Stir him up!" shout the people to the miserable figure in the ring, expecting the poor old man to tantalise the savage animal.

At last the tiger realises that he has to make a frontal attack, and with a snarl he springs on the condemned. Instantly his teeth are buried deep in the mortal's throat, and the life-blood pours down, while man and tiger roll over on the ground amid the cheers of the populace. The scene is soon over, for the tiger was hungry, and commenced his meal as soon as he had slaked his thirst in the warm blood which flowed from the severed veins. It was an uninteresting execution, and the audience clamoured for something exciting before they returned home.

There was in the cells a woman condemned to death, and Clytella remembered that the emperor had recently purchased a fine Spanish bull, so she wheedled her royal master to treat her to the spectacle of a woman being gored to death. Hoping that this final scene would satisfy the Romans and enable him to reserve some other attractions for a future occasion, Cæsar consented.

In a few minutes a slender, white-robed woman stood in the burning arena, the cynosure of every eye. She gravely saluted the emperor, and then awaited the loosing of the beast, for she thought she was to be slain in the same fashion as her predecessors. A door was opened, and with a bellow a magnificent bull bounded into the ring. His tawny hide and shaggy locks told the Romans that he was a true Catalonian beast, while his long, graceful horns spoke of his high lineage.

At first the light dazzled him, and he stood in the arena, shaking his massive head and bellowing loudly. Then, as he grew accustomed to the glare, the myriads of colours in the auditorium angered him, and he uttered a roar of defiance as he glanced round for some object on which to vent his rage, the while his red eyes rolled viciously, and the foam and saliva dripped from his mouth to the sandy floor.

The corpse the lion had left attracted him, and he approached it gingerly and smelt it, but it lay still and dead, and with a disdainful snort the bull looked up for a living foe. Then he saw the woman, who had been standing motionless in the ring, her pallor enhancing her beauty, for she was of the daughters of the north, and not a dark-skinned Latin. At that moment she looked at the bull and shuddered slightly. That was enough for him. With a bellow of battle he made for her, his wicked head lowered. On he came, his hoofs thundering on the ground, enveloped in a cloud of dust. The people held their breath, their eyes strained till they protruded from their sockets. Then a mighty cry of "Habet!" arose as the bull struck his tender victim. No sound escaped from her lips as she was tossed high into the air, one of the long horns having penetrated her snowy bosom. With a thud she fell to the ground before the royal box, her blood sprinkling the nearest spectators.

Again the bull charged her, transfixing her slender neck with his horns, and flinging her nearer to the edge of the ring. With a last effort she strove to raise herself, but before she could do so the infuriated animal was upon her, driving his horns again and again into the quivering flesh, and stamping on the frail form with his weighty hoofs. At length he tired, and, recognising that his foe was dead, with a disdainful roar tossed the lifeless and mangled corpse almost at the feet of the emperor.

Then the people rose and cheered, for the air was full of blood, and the lust had been satisfied for the moment. Cæsar had gained the good will of his subjects. The show was over. Soon the Colosseum was empty save for the few guards who watched lest the friends of any of the mangled victims should come to bear away the dead, while the people streamed towards their homes, agreeing that they had had a splendid show, and speculating on what the next entertainment would be like.

Thus we leave the scenes of bloodshed which in imagination we have visited.

After the fall of Rome, throwing criminals to wild beasts died out in Europe as a mode of execution, though in Asia it existed as recently as the commencement of the late Queen's reign, but the methods were different from those adopted by the Roman emperors, as will be fully explained in another issue. Gladiatorial contests gradually developed into fights between professionals, and criminals were handed over to regular executioners. This was probably due to the fear that the emperors had of appearing to take too personal an interest in the infliction of the capital penalty for any but offences against the religion of the State.

Ingenious Devices.

THE French police, being unable to discover any traces of the perpetrator of a very remarkable robbery in Lyons, in the year 1780, resorted to the expedient of sending an officer to the Bicêtre disguised as a prisoner. He acted his part extremely well, and interested his audience highly by his account of this exploit. In this assembly of connoisseurs in guilt, one of them exclaimed, "It is only Philip who could execute such a stroke." This led to the discovery that Philip was indeed the leader of the gang.

A Bid for Liberty.

A GALLEY slave who was condemned to death in France in the year 1776 was promised life and liberty if he would allow himself to be dressed in a certain appliance and pushed off the top of a tower 70ft. high, for the purpose of ascertaining the resistance of the air. The man agreed to leap from the top of the Arsenal of Port Louis, in Brittany, a height of 145ft., dressed in a suit of feathered tissue. A strong cordial was given him, and he was gently pushed off, and, after fluttering a little while in a brisk wind, began to descend in a steady manner, after the fashion of the present-day parachutists, amidst the acclamations of a huge assemblage. He took 2 mins. 13 secs. to complete the journey, and alighted on his feet in perfect safety. He was then conducted in triumph through the streets, with drums and trumpets, and entertained in royal fashion in the Town Hall. A collection was made, with which and the king's pardon in his pocket, he set out for Paris next day.

The Murder of Letty Thompson.

"Thou art an infamy and not a woman."
—M. P. RICHTER, "The Custodian."

IN the year of grace 1820 the respectable society of Dublin city was shocked at the spectacle of Captain Peck living openly with a Miss Thompson, sometime milliner in the said city, who boasted good looks, and little else.

The dowager veterans of virtue, who guarded Erin's capital with vigilance and cunning, confessed to being in this particular instance thoroughly demoralised and routed.

Never had vice shown its misshapen visage so openly, so obviously impervious to decency and good taste, so barren of all pretence, and so unabashed in its infamy.

What could the dowager veterans do?

They, of course, ostracised the terrible Peck and his mistress from all public recognition and acknowledgment, but this did not trouble the captain and Miss Thompson in the least. They drove abroad together, attended the theatre and the races, visited the best shops and lived in good style; and all the time, so long as the erring couple in no way transgressed the laws of the land, the forces of virtue were compelled to lie impotent, confused, and distracted.

That two unmarried people, living together in intimacy, should arouse such a storm of indignation and horror in a large town may seem unlikely to the average reader, but we would remind him that we are writing of eighty years ago, before the advent of the problem play, before immorality had become a fashionable cult—in fact, of a pre-Zola period.

Let us make the acquaintance of Captain Peck and his beautiful Miss Thompson. The captain was a tall, well-built man, in the summer of his days; he was somewhat stout, and bore the traces in his person of deep drinking and loose living; in short, he would have been accounted a handsome man had it not been that vice and dissipation had stamped their seal upon his features. His reputation was far from being spotless; he belonged to none of the better clubs, was reported to be a cheat at cards, and was generally regarded as a man of little honour.

He was a very familiar figure in the Dublin streets, with his monocle, his monstrously tall hat, cocked fiercely over one eye, his Indian cigar and malacca cane. His associates were of a very dubious character, jockeys, touts, professional card-players, and loose women forming the bulk of his acquaintances.

He was on nodding terms with a few men who still maintained a decent altitude on the social ladder, but these latter developed an unpleasant habit of overlooking him in the street, vanishing down side turnings when the captain's unmistakable figure was discerned in the distance, and generally putting themselves to much trouble and inconvenience to avoid the recognition of their derelict brother-in-arms. No one noticed this more clearly than the despised captain himself, and it must be owned that he accepted the situation with much gallantry.

"Ah! Charley Peck, it wasn't always so, was it, my boy?" he would murmur bitterly to himself. "They knew you well enough once, didn't they? and were proud to do it. But you've ruined yourself, my fine fellow; it's your own doing, and you know it. You're not fit company for 'em nowadays, are you? Well, damme, who cares?"

Perhaps it was the knowledge of the "estimation" he inspired in the breasts of others that gave him such a defiant stare, a look harsh and fierce, half impudent and half pathetic.

One day he was commissioned by a young woman named Bridget Butterly, a girl whom he had ruined and seduced from the safety of her home, to buy some ribbons and sashes. He went into one of the fine shops, and was struck by the beauty of the girl who served him.

She was short, of slight figure, with brown hair, and eyes of uncertain colour; her cheeks were faintly pink, and her mouth was red and small. At first she appeared to a casual observer as a pretty enough little person, but rather ordinary; after closer inspection, however, the girl grew in interest, and became in a vague, indescribable way, beautiful.

"What can I serve you with, sir?" said she demurely, avoiding the captain's eye.

"Ribbons; I want some ribbons."

The young lady smiled, and the captain smiled.

"What sort of ribbons am I to show you?"

Captain Peck produced a written order from his pocket and handed it across the counter. The girl took it, understood at once what was wanted, and handed the desired articles to the male customer in less than five minutes.

All this time Peck had been wondering what colour her eyes were. Indeed, he was so engrossed that he forgot to take up his change, which fact necessitated the girl who had served him recalling him to the shop.

"To tell you the truth, my dear, I'm puzzled," said Peck as he put the money into his pocket.

"Puzzled! What about, sir?"

"The colour of your eyes."

The girl burst out laughing, and blushed divinely.

"I think they are grey, sir."

"I think they are blue."

"Well, we can't both be right."

The captain stood in an uncertain attitude at the door of the shop.

"If you were to go with me to the theatre to-night, my dear, I make no doubt that I could find out really what colour they are. Will you afford me the opportunity?"

The young lady said, "Yes."

Captain Peck and Miss Thompson visited the theatre that night, where the girl wept over the woes of Belvidera, in "Venice Preserved," and two weeks afterwards she left the milliner's shop and became mistress of the captain's house.

And what about the woman, Bridget Butterly, for whom the ribbons had been bought?

At present she is practically starving in the streets of Cork, where she lived, but we shall have enough and to spare of her presently, for she it is who is fated to transform this story from a trivial comedy into a tragedy; she it is who will banish all smiles from the pages of this record, to bespatter them with blood and tears.

The captain, who was more thoroughly infatuated by Letty Thompson than he had ever been in his life, took for her a new house, furnished it entirely with the best of everything, and took up his own quarters there, to the horror and amazement, as we have said, of Dublin society.

Letty Thompson, who was happy in comparative riches, with two women servants and a man, drove out with Peck in their carriage, apparently unconscious of Virtue's accusing eyes, and certainly impervious to the hostile glances. She was supremely happy.

All went well with the captain and Letty until one of the women-servants left them. Their house was large, and it was quite impossible for one pair of female hands to account for all the domestic work, so that Peck set about procuring another servant forthwith. However, he found this a matter of some difficulty, for, strange as it may appear to modern thought, the respectable mothers of Dublin in eighteen hundred and twenty declined, no matter how poor they might be, to allow their daughters to enter the house of two people who lived in open sin.

So Letty had to look farther afield for an additional servant, and, at her instigation, the following paragraph was inserted in the Cork newspaper (a journal which amounted in size to about two pages of FAMOUS CRIMES, and for which sixpence was modestly charged):

"A Dublin lady requires a respectable young woman to do household work. She must be cleanly, and a good worker."

Such an advertisement, at the period of which we are writing, was bound to cause wide-spread excitement and speculation as to the probable authorship.

There was no mention of religion, no mention of good character, no mention of references; certainly, everybody agreed, it looked very improper, and the editor of the Cork newspaper was highly censured in many quarters for allowing such an insertion to appear in his journal.

A week afterwards Captain Peck received a letter, addressed to his old house, but which had been forwarded to him; it was ill-spelt, covered with smudges and blotches, and had evidently been penned by an illiterate hand.

It was from Bridget Butterly, the woman whom the captain had ruined. We will translate the sum of this effusion into English.

Bridget apologised for troubling Captain Peck. She would not have done so had she not been starving. She enclosed him an advertisement which had appeared in the Cork newspaper, and she wrote to ask the captain to give her a reference, if such was required, as she intended applying for the place.

Peck burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter. The situation was decidedly humorous. Here was the woman whom he had ruined and cast aside applying for a menial position in his house, under his new mistress, although herself unaware of the fact, and asking him to give her a reference to—himself!

However, for some reason or other, he felt uncommonly benevolent this day, and replied to Bridget, writing in an assumed hand to the effect that Miss Thompson engaged her without references. Bridget thought this remarkable, because she had not actually applied for the position, but she concluded the captain must be acquainted with the inserter of the advertisement, had seen the person, mentioned her letter, and advised this Miss Thompson to forthwith engage her on his recommendation.

But the miserable woman, and miserable Bridget certainly was, could not quarrel with what she felt she must, under her present circumstances, consider as a piece of good fortune; and, accordingly, in a few days' time, she presented herself at the door of Miss Thompson's house.

The captain saw her from behind the window-blind, but secreted himself and left the room before she entered.

Letty Thompson, at ease on the sofa, with a copy of "Udolpho" in her hands, eyed the woman narrowly. She made a rule never to admit handsome servants into her house, and was a little disquieted by the fine black eyes and glossy hair of Bridget, but the creature looked so dejected, so careworn and humble that Letty felt assured in her own mind that there was no more harm in the new servant than in a mouse. After her kind, she spoke in supercilious, inconsiderate tones to the menial, and ordered her downstairs, where her fellow-servant, Bridget Ennis, would acquaint her with her duties.

The two Bridgets did not at first meet on very cordial terms, but after a time they grew more sociably disposed, and Ennis opened out her mind in advice and experience to the new servant.

"Do you have a good time here?" inquired Butterly.

"Well, we do and we don't. You see, we ain't what would be called a respectable household——"

"Why not?"

"Why not! Because the missus and the captain ain't married."

"The captain! What captain?"

"Captain Peck. Why, my dear, you look quite pale; what can the matter be?"

"Nothing, nothing!"

"You ain't got a weak heart, have you?"

"Me! Oh, no; my heart's strong enough—strong enough to bear anything."

Nevertheless, Bridget Butterly's face belied her words; it was livid and drawn, as if with some sharp spasm of pain.

She said she would go up to her room for awhile, "tidy herself," and come down in half an hour. Ennis showed her the bedroom, and left her to herself. When the door closed behind her fellow-servant the wretched woman threw herself upon the bed and wept.

What a strange and fearful indignity fate had heaped upon her shoulders!

She, who had been the mistress of Captain Peck, and who had been shamefully abandoned by him, and whose condition had sunk into such squalid straits that she had been compelled to request of him the favour of the character he had ruined, to enable her to earn her bread; she, who had endured all this at the scoundrel's hands, fated, by grim necessity, to serve as a menial to her own successor in his profligate affections, to eat the bread of dependence in the more successful harlot's house, and to appear in the character of a serving-wench, obedient to the slightest bidding, before the eyes of the man who had sworn that he loved her, and who had supported her for a considerable period in shame-begotten affluence!

And the worst of it all was that in her heart there still burnt a curious species of jealous love for this man, so that her torturing position was more unbearable than ever.

What should she do? Should she creep from the house into the streets, into starvation and nameless infamy, or should she remain? Could she face the pangs and torments that were inevitable to her in that house, could she wait upon Miss Thompson's whims and fancies, and be the slave of her caprice, could she behold daily the thousand and one little intimacies that must pass between her mistress and the captain?

She asked herself these questions over and over again, and replied finally in the affirmative. She would stay in her present position and play out her part remorselessly to the end.

A very familiar figure.

In coming to such a decision far be it from us to suggest that any high or noble motive actuated her actions; such was not the case. She determined to remain in the vain hope that her constant presence might recast her old influence over Peck, and that she might one day have the satisfaction of driving Miss Thompson from the doors in ignominy and contempt, and finally install herself mistress of the house and the captain.

Such were her motives in remaining; the causes of her pain and sorrow were, we must confess, of a like ignoble order.

She did not sorrow because she had been degraded from the state of virtuous womanhood; because she had wasted love and affection on a false and detestable idol; because she was doomed to abide in servile dependence on her seducer; but rather because her charms had been superseded in his favour by those of another; because another woman had proved more attractive to his eyes; because, in fact, and we must speak plainly, another miserable creature had proved more successful in vice than herself.

Such was the woman whom the base complicity and indescribable vulgarity of Captain Peck had induced to enter his house, a firebrand of the worst order, warranted to demolish the happiness of this strange household in a hate-ignited conflagration.

After a short time spent in binding up her hair, Bridget Butterly went downstairs. She was informed by Ennis that Captain Peck was alone in the dining-room and wished to speak with her. Without a word, she went quietly upstairs and knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said the well-remembered voice of her former lover.

Bridget entered with downcast eyes, a bright, hectic spot burning on either cheek, but otherwise perfectly cold and collected.

"Good, eh? Nonsence! You know well enough what a bad lot I am. Don't be a hypocrite, Bridget, and we shall get on well enough together. You can go now."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Bridget, and, with a low curtsy, she left the apartment.

"What has master been saying to you?" asked Ennis, when the new servant entered the kitchen.

"Oh, nothing much. He says I shall suit very well."

"That's all right. Now, we will have some tea and make ourselves comfortable."

Bridget Butterly rapidly became very friendly and popular with Ennis, and the man-servant Patrick, who soon began to make love to her.

The only member of the household who seemed a trifle

THE BODY OF LETTY THOMPSON LAY ON THE HEARTH.

"You wished to speak with me, sir," she said, without a falter.

The captain scrutinised her narrowly through his monocle. He burst out laughing.

"You are a very sensible girl, Bridget!" he cried, slapping his knee.

"I am glad you think so, sir."

"You accept the present—the altered position of affairs between us?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Ah! that's right. I'm glad to hear it. You shall have an easy time, I promise you, and liberal wages."

"Sir, you are too good!"

There was a suspicion of irony in this ostensibly meek remark which did not escape the captain's notice.

suspicious of the new maid was her mistress, Miss Thompson.

"Do you know, Charles," she said, one day to the captain, "I think Butterly dislikes me."

"Nonsense, my love! Whatever puts such thoughts into your head?"

"I can't tell, but she looks at me so strangely sometimes."

"Fancy, mere fancy."

"And then, when she helps me to dress in the mornings, she is very rough. She has really hurt me once or twice."

"Ah, well! I will speak to her. She is an ignorant girl."

When Miss Thompson had gone out, Peck called Bridget Butterly into the room.

"I hear," he said sternly, "that you have not been behaving properly to your mistress."

"Oh, sir!" cried Bridget, and burst into tears.

"I trust it is not intentional?"

"Intentional! Oh, heavens! and I am so fond of my lady!"

"Don't be a hypocrite, I say again. And don't let me hear any more complaints of this kind."

"I will be very careful in the future, sir."

"You must learn to be more gentle when helping her to dress. She says you are very rough."

"I will try and do better. I am very sorry."

"All right. I only wished to mention the fact to you. You can go now."

When Bridget had gone the captain began to pace the room.

"That girl is either very artful or very silly," he said to himself. "I wonder if I did right in having her here. I may have made a great mistake. But, still, it was a kindness to her, and—anyhow, it's done now, and can't be helped."

After this Bridget Butterly took great pains to be gentle and attentive to her mistress. At the same time she allowed Patrick, the man-servant, to make more open advances to her than before, and she contrived on more than one occasion that Captain Peck should be a witness of the man's amatory endeavours.

She was, however, wrong in her calculations, which were all based on the false surmise that Peck had once really loved her; whereas, in reality, he had been transitorily attracted by her face and figure, and, never being in the habit of curbing his licentious passions, he had worked his fancy upon Bridget, and forgotten her straightway when he was captivated by the more compelling charms of Letty Thompson, serving in the milliner's shop. Indeed, he was now very pleased to see the direction in which the affections of Patrick, his servant, were turning.

"If the fellow will only marry the girl, it will be a fine thing for her. She will have a very respectable position."

Bridget, a young woman of most acute observation, observed the effect Patrick's conduct had upon his master, and writhed in chagrin at the ineffectiveness of her endeavours. She began to recognise the cruel, hard fact that she would never regain Peck's love, indeed, that she had never really possessed it.

Her whole being was consumed with hate and envy towards Miss Thompson, the woman who basked in the sunshine of contentment and luxury, whilst she, Bridget, slaved for her bread, and was compelled to play the part of docile sycophant, as well as servant to her fortunate successor. A terrible hatred sprang up in her bosom; she wished to shriek denunciatory words at Letty, to maul and mar her beauty. And yet she suppressed these strong desires, for caution whispered to her what good would come of it all, in what way would she benefit?

No; she would wait her opportunity, and, if ever she wreaked her vengeance on the detested object of her hate, as her soul longed, she would be careful to do so with beneficial results to herself.

About this time Letty was confined, and, after an anxious time, was delivered of a baby boy, who was christened in Captain Peck's name. Bridget Butterly was always at Letty's side during her illness. Often and often, as she looked down on the sleeping girl, immersed in soft pillows and cushions, with her baby clasped to her bosom, an awful longing come over the servant to strangle her smiling mistress, to tear the baby from her arms and render the peaceful scene a desolation of blood and crime. But the hands that itched to do the mind's foul will were docile to control, and, in spite of the awful thoughts that burnt in her brain, Bridget contrived to smile and speak softly to the detested Letty. But, for all that, the woman was laying her plans and preparing the way for a catastrophe at once terrible and infamous.

To accomplish her end, she found she would have to seek the assistance of Bridget Ennis, a weak, foolish girl, over whom she had already established an extraordinary influence. The two concerted together, and Ennis, at first terrified at the magnitude and horror of the enterprise on which she found herself embarking, was silenced and comforted by promises of great riches, fine dresses, and the position of a lady. The end of it all was that, six months subsequent to the birth of Letty's infant, the wretched creatures judged the time ripe to put their plan into execution, although subsequent evidence proves undoubtedly the fact that it had long been under discussion and that extensive preparations had been made to accomplish the adventure successfully.

We will relate the events that followed in the order of their discovery. It was the habit of Captain Peck to daily take a long walk in Phœnix Park, a habit which, unlike many others of his, was a harmless and healthy one, and from which, like many others also, he never broke himself.

One day, whilst walking, he was surprised to hear shouts behind him, and, turning round, saw Patrick hastening towards him, with a heavy overcoat hung over his arm.

"What is it, Patrick?" said Peck.

"I have brought the coat. I hope you are not unwell, sir?"

"The coat!—unwell! Are you mad, Patrick?"

"No, sir. I hurried out as soon as Butterly told me."

"Told you what? I do not understand."

"She met you, sir. You said you were not feeling very well, and you were afraid it was about to rain. You told her to send me after you at once with the overcoat."

The captain stood speechless with astonishment.

"The girl must be demented—mad—quite mad! I have never seen Bridget Butterly. I did not know she was out."

"She went shopping."

The two men stood staring in a bewildered fashion at one another.

"Whatever can this extraordinary tale mean?" said Peck. "Did you see the girl, Patrick"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she seem strange in her manner?"

"No, sir."

"You are quite sure she had not been drinking?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Well, I can't understand it at all. She must be deranged. Anyhow, we will return and investigate the matter."

Captain Peck returned home slowly with Patrick, but when he reached his house he could get nobody to answer his knock, and yet he heard the baby crying.

"I am alarmed; this is stranger than ever. Break a window, Patrick, and let me in."

The agile man-servant quickly did his master's bidding. He came to the door with chattering teeth and a pallid face.

"There don't seem to be anybody in the house, sir," said he.

Peck rushed into the front room. The baby was crying fitfully on the sofa. He went into Letty's bedroom; her luggage was gone. He called loudly for Butterly and Ennis, and received no response.

He ran downstairs into the kitchen, and staggered with a cry against the door.

The body of Letty Thompson lay on the hearth, her skull and face battered into a hideous pulp. A poker, reeking with blood, lay by her side.

This was the enterprise which Bridget Butterly and Ennis had concocted. A hue-and-cry was at once raised in the neighbourhood after the missing girls, but they were nowhere to be found.

Letty's trunks and boxes had gone with them, packed with money and valuables.

The fearful crime caused a terrible sensation, which had not subsided two months later, when the two wretched girls were captured in London, living in luxury on the proceeds of the murder. They were tried, convicted, and condemned to death.

The day before the execution Bridget Butterly made a full confession to the authorities. Ennis had had no hand in the actual killing, but had dragged the luggage from the house whilst Butterly pulled Letty from her bed.

"I stuffed a handkerchief into her mouth, but before I did this she cried pitiably and said, 'Don't hurt me!' 'Indeed, I won't!' I answered, and dragged her down to the kitchen. I threw her on the floor and battered out her brains with the poker. Ennis called over the stairs, 'Don't hurt her!' I said, 'All right!' and came up quickly. I went into the front room and kissed the baby, and then we both went away."

Both the women were hanged the next day; Ennis crying, weeping, and nearly fainting, but Butterly calm and self-possessed to the last.

Captain Peck disappeared. No matter where or what the retreat he sought, we feel assured that he did not succeed in hiding from himself the awful soul-torturing knowledge that his profligacy assisted in some measure to set the wheels of murder in motion, and that Letty Thompson would not at twenty-five have been left a bleeding and mangled corpse had not her beauty attracted him that fatal afternoon in the milliner's shop!

Saved from the Jaws of Death.

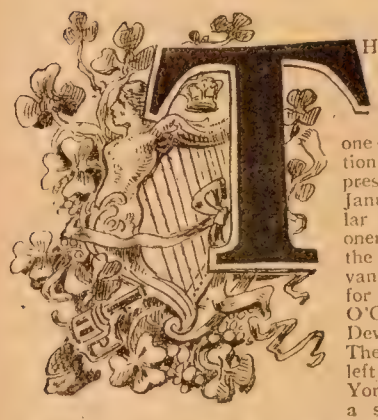
A Brilliant Defence.

Cutting Remarks upon the Knife of the Surgeon.

A FENIAN OUTRAGE

Extraordinary Trial of KELLY for the Murder of Head-Constable TALBOT.

"For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Measure for Measure."



THE year 1870 will be memorable for its share in the great Fenian upheavals, riots, and at least one dastardly assassination, to which we shall presently allude. In the January of that particular year several prisoners were expatriated, the notorious O'Donovan Rossa and M'Clure for twenty years, and O'Connell, Shaw, and Devoy for five years. These terrible agitators left the Mersey for New York, and had as hearty a send-off from their friends as the authorities would permit, each being furnished with an outfit and £20. It was hoped that by the liberation and banishment of these men who had wrought so much mischief that matters would quieten down a bit, for they had expressed themselves satisfied with the terms of their pardon and their treatment by the Government.

It was a vain hope, however, and before the autumn of that year matters in Ireland were worse than ever, keeping the Irish constabulary very actively engaged upon the most hazardous duties. Amongst those who were in the thick of it, and who showed marvellous energy and ability in dealing with the malcontents, was Head-Constable Talbot. He was a fine, bold officer, faithful to his position, fearless, and about the worst-hated man amongst the Fenians in all Ireland. Talbot had made himself particularly conspicuous at the Fenian trials, and it was, in many instances, through his instrumentality that the ringleaders were convicted and imprisoned.

The state of feeling against all informers, especially when attached to the constabulary, may well be imagined during these exciting times, and the head constable carried his life in his hands, so to speak, night and day. But he never flinched, and never showed the slightest timidity wherever he might be, whether alone on particular and secret duty, or when in a mob that was being dispersed, with stones and shillaleghs being thrown sky high. Talbot was, in a word, a brave man, respected by his superiors and admired by his subordinates as much as he was feared by his enemies.

Shortly after midnight on the 13th of July, the constable's duty took him along Upper Temple Street, Dublin. He was alone, and, scarcely anybody being about at that hour, he apprehended little danger. Suddenly he became aware of somebody quickly following him, and, as he turned, he heard a voice saying, "You rascal!" At the same time a revolver shot was fired which entered behind the left ear.

Talbot reeled and fell against some railings, but pulling himself together in a marvellous manner, immediately followed his assailant, and was about to catch him by the coat, when two or three men jumped out and threatened to shoot him.

By this time two gentlemen and two constables had run to where they had heard the shots fired. One of the latter caught the man whom they supposed had attacked Talbot round the waist, when he again fired, hitting one of the constables in the groin. The other policeman then seized him, and a third shot was fired, but fortunately it did no harm, as it passed over the policeman's shoulder. He was then secured and taken to Sackville Police Station.

Talbot on examination was found to be so severely hurt that he was hurried on to the Richmond Hospital, where he was attended to by a physician attached to the University of Dublin Hospital. So serious a condition did the wounded man develop that his depositions were taken, and the man who was arrested brought before him and identified as the one who shot him. His name was Robert Kelly; a notorious Fenian. It was alleged also that the assassin, after having discharged his revolver at Talbot, retreated into a doorway, and those who were present swore that they saw Kelly emerge from that place and run away, and it was in this retreat that he fired at the policeman who pursued him, striking him in the groin.

At the end of a few days Head-Constable Talbot died, and in due course Robert Kelly was committed for trial.

There is very little out of the commonplace in this murder; indeed, one might say such was almost an every-day occurrence in Ireland during this unsettled period; but the atrocious assassination brought forth a strange question for the defence that will be, we believe, very interesting, concerning as it does the connection with, or rather the influence of, the acts of a medical man or a surgeon's operation upon the minds of the jury.

In this case, the Solicitor-General and Mr. Armstrong were for the Crown, and Mr Butt, Q.C., and Mr. Falkiner, Q.C., were for the prisoner. The trial took place before Lord Chief Justice Whiteside and Lord Chief Baron Pigott.

The evidence certainly was very strong against Kelly, for not only had he been identified by the dying man, but the police had proved the finding of three bullet moulds in prisoner's house, with the words "Colt's patent" engraved upon them, and the revolver, a neat, six-chambered weapon, was produced in court, but Mr. Butt cross-examined witnesses to establish the fact that there was no proof of identification, and evidently he had the jury with him. But those were only small cards he was playing; his big trump which he eventually placed down caused no little sensation, and, as events proved, enabled him, in spite of the remarks of judge and counsel for the Crown, to win the game.

It was a bold stroke, and rarely, if ever, successfully accomplished before or since. Treating the matter of identification as nearly as possible with an air of indifference, he devoted himself solely to the medical evidence, and actually, if not in so many words, accused the medical men of failing to save the life of Talbot by their unskilful treatment!

It would be so much Greek to our readers for us to quote the medical evidence and the able cross-examination by Mr. Butt, for without a deal of explanation they would scarcely know the difference between the occipital and the vertebral arteries or the suture and the Nélaton probe. Suffice it, then, to say that the line of defence upon which Mr. Butt mainly relied (in addition, of course, to the question of identity, which he maintained was not proved), was that Talbot's death was owing, not to the wound he had received, but to unskilful surgical treatment.

The surgeons were therefore subjected to a searching cross-examination, with the result that it was proved beyond question that the wounded man was operated upon, and the bullet probed for in such a manner that no surgeon would have dared had he thought for a moment that the man's life was in danger. During this cross-examination Mr. Butt asked, "According to the rules laid down by the best writers on surgery, was it proper to have made the operation for that bullet?" At this point the Solicitor-General objected, but the very objection had a palpable effect upon the jury; especially when counsel for the defence contended that the evidence ought to be received considering that the indictment was not for firing at with intent to kill—if it were, the evidence would be inadmissible—but the indictment was for actually killing, and the question the jury would have to try, even assuming that the prisoner fired the shot, was whether or not the operation was improper, and whether the operation caused the man's death, and not the wound.

At this point the Lord Chief Justice asked Mr. Butt whether his evidence was to establish a case of manslaughter, or to raise a new question of medical or surgical skill?

But counsel, with great respect, declined to answer the question. What he wanted distinctly to show was that the surgeon "violated every rule of surgery in performing the

operation." He went on to say, "I intend to produce persons who were present at the operation—some of whom the witness has named as parties assisting him—who are men of greater eminence than he is, and to show that any operation to extract the ball that night was contrary to every rule of surgery under the circumstances, was highly dangerous to the life of the man, was calculated to lead to death, and did lead to that death."

Such plain speaking on the part of counsel caused a murmur to pass through the court, and when he followed up, after citing authorities in support of his proposition, by hotly declaring that he intended to offer evidence to show that the operations were unnecessary—that they were contrary to good surgery—and that they occasioned the hemorrhage which resulted in death, the surgeons looked, if not scared, slightly uneasy. In conclusion, Mr. Butt said, "I insist on my right to give evidence to the jury, who are the supreme tribunal to determine the question at issue."

After this their lordships retired for a private consultation, and were absent for more than an hour. When they returned they rejected the evidence proposed to be given on behalf of the prisoner, but allowing evidence that the operation was unskilfully done.

TWO MEN JUMPED OUT AND THREATENED TO SHOOT HIM.

Mr. Butt then proved by the examination of Mr. Vesey, one of the resident pupils of the hospital, that he had "revised" the notes taken hourly upon Talbot's illness, and that gentleman admitted that this had been done along with Mr. Walker and Mr. Woodhouse, two other pupils, so that they might all agree. Their admissions caused a sensation and gave some fine points for Mr. Butt's powerful speech for the defence, which we should like to quote from at length if we had space. It was very long and powerful, and ended by an appeal to the jury against being "swift to shed blood," evidently an arrow thrown at the leading surgeon.

Mr. Butt said: "The issue of fact, of which the jury were the judges, was—Did Kelly kill and murder Thomas Talbot? That on the night of the 1st July Thomas Talbot was wounded by a pistol ball there could be no question whatever. To sustain the charge contained in the indictment two things were necessary. Thomas Talbot must have been killed by a pistol shot, and that shot must have been fired by the prisoner. For the defence they said that he was not killed by a pistol shot, and, further, that there was no evidence that the prisoner at the bar fired that pistol shot."

Then Mr. Butt devoted himself to the alterations and revisions of the hospital notes, which revision he pointed out took place after the inquest. He again dealt with the subject of the improper operation more minutely, and quoted Mr. Vesey's own notes in support of the theory. He said that if that gentleman's notes were placed before any surgeon in the world and the question were asked him whether it was bad surgery to probe and cut a man's neck when he appeared to be dying, he would say it was reckless in the extreme. "What terrible light was thrown upon this by the notes of Mr. Vesey, which set forth that the man had to be lifted on to the table, seemed very weak from loss of blood, and had to be given stimulants—ammonia, whiskey, etc. He 'seemed very weak from loss of blood.' This was omitted from the revised notes. Why? It was omitted after the inquest. Was it when it came to be known that the accusation would be made that the surgeon caused the man's death?"

This remarkable trial lasted from the 30th of October until the 10th of November, on which day the Lord Chief Baron charged the jury, in which he remarked that "the Court had felt bound to lay down a rule as to the law of the land on an important question in the trial, namely, that he who inflicts a dangerous wound is responsible for the consequences, whether death was caused mediately or immediately by the wound so inflicted. As that was the law, and after hearing a great deal of the investigation, the Court felt bound to reject any evidence by which it was proposed to prove that death was occasioned by mistake in determining the operation, or in the process of it."

But the jury had evidently made up their minds long before the summing-up. Their verdict was, unhesitatingly, "Not guilty," they having given the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.

It is unnecessary to comment upon the case. Everybody enjoyed their own opinion, and the subject was discussed far and near, many ridiculing the notion that the accused could be found guilty of murder had the life been taken by the surgeon's knife.

Trial and Execution of Michael Campbell.

The Death of Mr. Galloway: Was it Murder?

"All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Than with a few to walke the rightest way,
O, foolish men! why haste ye to your own decay?"
—SPENSER, "Faerie Queene."

ON Wednesday, April 3, 1871, the Central Criminal Court was packed to witness the final scene in a murder case, possessing unusual interest. Michael Campbell, twenty-eight years of age, by calling a tailor, had undergone a long trial on the charge of slaying Mr. Samuel Galloway, at Stratford, on February 9, and certain circumstances led to a powerful advocacy, outside of the sphere of the counsellors-at-law, pointing to extenuation. The Press vigorously took up the matter, but, as will be seen, stern Justice insisted upon what she deemed a befitting retribution. The reason for this particular plea will be arrived at before our narrative is concluded.

Meanwhile, let us give the details of the crime, recapitulating briefly the leading features.

At Oxford Villa, Romford Road, Stratford, a semi-detached house, lived Mr. Samuel Galloway, an independent gentleman, forty-nine years of age, whose household consisted of his wife, Mrs. Ann Galloway, and his niece, Miss Mary Ann Howlett. Mr. Galloway, who had resided at Stratford many years, was highly respected by his neighbours and fellow-townsmen, as was shown by the fact that he had a seat on the Local Board of Health, and was one of the guardians of the parish. He was formerly, it seems, in the employ of one of the dock companies on the Thames, but had retired on his means.

About half-past eight on the evening of February 9, 1871, Miss Howlett went up from the breakfast-room in the basement to the drawing-room on the ground floor to pull down the blinds, leaving her uncle and aunt in the breakfast-room, Mr. Galloway having only just returned home a quarter of an hour before. She had no light with her, but while standing at a bay window of the drawing-room, looking towards the Romford Road, she saw two men outside the garden gate in the road. After a few moments they shifted their positions, one taking up his post by a pillar dividing the two houses, while the other, who wore a black wideawake and dark clothes, came inside the gate and walked on the grass plot by the side of the footpath towards the front steps, came lightly up them, and tried to climb up the portico. Miss Howlett ran down and told her aunt and uncle what she had seen, upon which Mr. Galloway went to the back of the house and round to the front by a passage dividing the two houses. Mrs. Galloway and her niece ran upstairs and opened the front door, when they saw a man leap over the gate and run away, and what followed shall be given in the words of Mrs. Galloway herself.

"I saw," she testified, "a man, wearing a cap, jump the gate, and a man with a wideawake about three yards from the gate. The man with the cap disappeared. My husband went up to the man wearing the wideawake and spoke to him. High words ensued between my husband and the man as they were walking away from the house towards Ilford. I had then gone outside the gate, and was following my husband. When I overtook them they were standing half-way across Hamfrith Road, and close to a lamp. My husband was then holding the man with the wideawake at arms' length. I stood within a yard of them. Two men came running from the direction of Ilford. They both wore dark clothes, and one of the two wore a wideawake and the other a cap. They came close to my husband. The one with the cap came between me and the one my husband was holding, and the other was at my husband's right side. The man my husband was holding said to one of the two men who came up, calling him by some name I did not hear:

"'What do you think this fellow says? He says I have been trying to get into his house.'

"I said to the man with the cap, 'And so you are the man that was trying to get in our house?' I appealed to a man standing about half a dozen yards off to go for a policeman. He replied, 'There are no policemen.'

"As I again looked at my husband, the man standing at his right side had his hand raised to his bosom. I saw him draw a very bright instrument from his breast, and in my flurry I thought it was a dagger. He drew back a little way and aimed a blow with it at my husband's right eye, when his face was slightly turned towards him. The prisoner Campbell was the man who struck the blow. I noticed his large eyes, and that he was pock-marked. I think from his height and size the prisoner Galbraith"—who was also before the Court on the capital charge, but returned "Not guilty"—"was the man wearing the cap.

"On my husband being struck, he let go the man he was holding, and raised his hands to his eyes, staggered six or eight yards, and then fell. The three men ran in the direction of Ilford, and as they ran the prisoner Campbell turned round and looked as he got to the lamp-post. I saw his face as he did so. I raised an alarm, and some of the neighbours came to my assistance. My husband was taken home, and he died on February 18."

Such was the sad story of the widow, and such, divested of a great mass of circumstantial evidence, which went clearly to show that Campbell and Galbraith, with a third man, were in the immediate neighbourhood on the night in question, is a plain, unvarnished history of "The Stratford Murder."

A startling and audacious deed, which came home more nearly to the hearts and fears of the dwellers in the vicinity than many crimes of a more deliberate and sensational character, this case was yet deficient in those elements of tragic and romantic interest which have gained for Essex an unenviable notoriety in the grim annals of murder in and near the 'seventies, to say nothing of recent shocking crimes. For instance, the case of the wretched German, Karl Kohl, who was hanged at Springfield, reads more like a grisly sensational fiction of the "London Journal" type than a sober newspaper report of the nineteenth century. It may truly be said of it that it struck all England with horror. The discovery of the head of a man on Plaistow Marshes, the subsequent finding of the body, partly eaten by rats, and the other sensational links in the chain of evidence which went clearly to identify the body as that of a friendless youth who had been brutally murdered by a low German sugar-baker for the sake of a few clothes—all these were features which lifted this case out of the ordinary category of crime, and gave it a grim pre-eminence in the annals of sensational guilt and picturesque brutality. Again, in the case of Drory, with which we dealt in an early number, there was the respectable position of the convict, the attachment that had been known to exist between himself and his victim, the twilight assignation at their old trysting-place, the sudden strangling of his unsuspecting victim, the disposal of the body so as to favour the theory of suicide, the wild, instant ride to Brentwood, where he was careful to call attention to the clock, and the scene in his cell immediately after his condemnation, when he threw himself on the bed in a paroxysm of tears, and in faltering tones confessed his guilt and the justice of his sentence. Nor must we forget the case of the wretched woman Chesham, who was hung with Drory, and who seems to have been a sort of rustic Brinvilliers, as regards the character of her crimes, and the number of victims she is believed to have sent prematurely to their account.

But these features of tragic and sensational interest, the deliberate plot, and the stealthy, horrible details, were altogether wanting in the present case, which, on the face of it, was a mere act of violence. A gang of Whitechapel roughs attempt to break into a house, one of their number is seized, and a companion immediately strikes down the captor and kills him—a commonplace story enough in some

respects, but one which struck consternation all around. Burglaries in all directions were of almost nightly occurrence at the time, and it was felt that if death was to be the penalty of attempting to protect one's house from outrage and robbery, things had come to a desperate pass indeed. Men looked at each other, wondering whose turn would come next, and it was agreed on all hands that no effort or expense ought to be spared to endeavour to bring the guilty parties to justice.

For some time it appeared probable that the guilty men in the Stratford murder case would manage to evade altogether the avenging arm of the law. Almost the first morning question men asked each other when they met on the railway platform or at their places of business was, "Any news of Mr. Galloway's murderers?" And the answer was always in the negative. But then, as of old, "murder will out" in more senses than one. All this time there were shrewd heads busily at work behind the scenes, and while many

in the course of which the prisoners cross-examined the numerous witnesses with great ingenuity as to their identity, but without shaking their testimony, as we have already stated, Campbell and his accomplice appeared at the bar of the Old Bailey, before Mr. Justice Lush, the prosecution being conducted by Mr. Poland and Mr. Besley, and, through the kindness of the sheriffs, both the prisoners were defended by eminent counsel.

Campbell's appearance in the dock was that of a thick-set young man, with an oval face, brown hair, and an incipient moustache, and he appears to have behaved in a very becoming manner throughout the trial, as did also Galbraith, who looked much older than his companion, and had a haggard, poverty-stricken appearance. Galbraith was acquitted on the ground that there was no evidence to show his complicity in the murder, while Campbell, whose defence—a very weak and foolish one—was that of mistaken identity, was found guilty after an hour's deliberation on the part of the jury.

SAW HIM DRAW A BRIGHT INSTRUMENT FROM HIS BREAST POCKET.

people were complaining of the apparent supineness of the police, one or two astute members of the force were piecing together, link by link, slowly but surely, the chain of inquiry that was by-and-by to bring one at least to the scaffold.

On the 20th of February, eleven days after the crime, Mr. George Clarke, inspector of detectives at Scotland Yard, proceeded to a house in Waterloo Court, St. George's-in-the-East, where he found Michael Campbell, in company with two other men and a woman. Clarke took him into custody without difficulty or resistance, and on the man asking what he was "wanted for," the detective quietly said he would tell him when he got him out of the house. On the way to the station he told him he would be charged with the murder of Mr. Galloway, when he replied that he had been guilty of almost every crime, but, thank God, not of that. He was taken to West Ham Police Station, where he was identified by Mrs. Galloway as the man who struck the fatal blow, and it was not long before his companion, John Galbraith, a waiter, was also arrested, and identified; but the third man managed to baffle the vigilance of the police, and it is not on record that he was subsequently apprehended.

After repeated examinations before the Ilford magistrates,

Then followed a scene such as is rarely witnessed in a court of justice. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him, Campbell, speaking with a singular dignity which appeared to touch all present, said he must acknowledge that he had been justly found guilty, and that he was extremely sorry for having committed such a crime, but he never intended it. He did not intend to strike Mr. Galloway in the eye. The blow, in fact, was aimed at his shoulder, with a view of inducing him to release his hold of the man he had seized, and in the struggle he must have turned round and received it in the eye instead. He declared he did not intend to kill him, that he was sorry for the fatal turn which the affair had taken, and he hoped that God would pardon him.

This statement appeared to make a great impression upon Mr. Justice Lush, who, in passing sentence of death, which he directed should be carried out by the High Sheriff of Essex, within whose jurisdiction the crime was executed, said the acknowledgment the prisoner had been induced to make was one which, no doubt, would be a relief to the jury, as it certainly was to the judge, though without it he should have been satisfied that the conviction was a sound one. Neverthe-

less, it was very satisfactory to hear what the prisoner had said, and he hoped the acknowledgment indicated a state of mind which would fit him for the change which in all probability awaited him, and for asking that pardon from the Almighty which was never refused to the penitent.

After his removal to Springfield Gaol, Campbell, who appeared to be deeply penitent, was very communicative as to his past life, and the circumstances which, step by step, had led him to his sad position finally. According to his own account, he was born at Berwick-on-Tweed, and was apprenticed to a tailor, but while he was still a lad his parents removed to London, where he soon fell into bad company, and in 1859 he and another lad, named John Smith, underwent a sentence of one month's imprisonment in Springfield Gaol for assaulting Mary Ann Baker, with intent to rob her, at Galleywood Races.

Not long after this, he and two others were convicted in London on a charge of felony—of which he declared they were all innocent—and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment

The arrest of Michael Campbell.

in Tothill Fields Prison, and to be afterwards sent to the Wandsworth Reformatory. From the reformatory he enlisted into the 80th Foot, and, evincing a taste for music, was sent to Kneller Hall, a military institution where lads are put into training for bandsmen. After serving seven years and four months, he was discharged from the army in 1869, with the suggestive letter "D" on his left breast, and he then seems to have joined in succession the bands of two itinerant shows travelling in the North of England, where, in the course of a day or two, he fell in with the gang who were concerned with him in the attempted burglary at Mr. Galloway's.

Some of these appear to have been old friends, and, according to the convict's own statement, the third man, whom the police were not able to trace, was the same John Smith who was convicted with him in 1859 of assault and attempted robbery at Galleywood Races.

Being a Roman Catholic, Campbell was attended almost daily by the Rev. Father Batt, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Chelmsford, to whose ministrations he paid great attention, and appeared deeply penitent, though still persisting in his statement that he had no intention of killing Mr. Galloway, and adding that the fatal blow was struck, not with a knife or a chisel, but with a small "jemmy."

A man of some intelligence and education, he spent a great part of his time in reading devotional books, and it may be mentioned that numbers of letters and tracts were received for him at the gaol, urging him to repent and let no priest stand between him and his Maker; but we need hardly say that these were not shown to the prisoner, it being rightly considered that he would have but little disposition at such a time for religious controversy.

Campbell's mother, with a sister and two brothers, resided in London, and very shortly after his removal to Springfield he wrote to his sister, and received an affectionate reply, in which she stated that he certainly ought not to be called a murderer; but this passage was carefully erased before the letter was shown to the convict, it being thought advisable to keep from him anything that might have the effect of buoying him up with false hopes. Since his conviction a warder had been in constant attendance upon him day and night, but his conduct throughout was exemplary, and he appeared quite resigned to his fate.

On Thursday, the 14th April, he was visited in his cell by the Under Sheriff, who, in the presence of Father Batt and several of the officials, told him there was no hope for him, and most kindly advised him to prepare for his inevitable fate, upon which the convict became somewhat excited, and again declared that he did not intend to kill Mr. Galloway, adding that up to the previous Saturday he had had some hopes of a reprieve, but since then he had given up all hope of the kind.

He was visited by the governor of Wandsworth Reformatory, whom he thanked most earnestly for his kindness in coming to see him, at the same time expressing his deep remorse for the position to which he had brought himself, and his sincere penitence for his crime.

Prisoner's aged mother, who appears to have walked a great part of the way from London, also arrived at the gaol, as might be supposed, in great distress of mind. Her two other sons, she said, were to have met her at Chelmsford, and, though nothing had been seen or heard of them, she preferred to wait for their possible arrival before seeing her son Michael. The poor woman was most kindly treated by Captain Macgorrery, the governor of the gaol, and the governor of Wandsworth Reformatory, commiserating her condition, kindly left behind a small sum of money to pay her railway fare back to London. The two sons, it was said, failed to put in an appearance, owing to their being too poor to pay their railway fare, and the heart-broken mother saw her son Michael alone, and took a last farewell of him on Sunday evening, having on the Saturday brought to him a white handkerchief, which she sent in to him with a mother's love, as the last present he would receive from her on this earth.

Almost up to the last moment the idea had been entertained in some quarters that Home-Secretary Bruce might be induced, even at the eleventh hour, to lend a favourable ear to the petitions from Chelmsford and elsewhere praying for a commutation of the sentence, and so the last sacrifice might be averted and the hand of the hangman stayed; but, after consultation with Mr. Justice Lush, and upon a mature consideration of all the circumstances attending the crime, the Minister, it was thought reluctantly, came to the conclusion that he would not be justified in interposing between the culprit and the executioner, that leniency would only be another name for culpable weakness, and that nothing less than the last dread penalty would satisfy the outraged laws of God and humanity.

At three o'clock on the execution morn the workmen commenced erecting the gallows, which was built in a large airing yard. The chief entrance to this yard was through an iron gate set in the centre of a row of long iron rails, and faced at the opposite end by a blank wall, while on the left was a long, low line of cells, or, rather, boxes, where the cranks were worked, and on the right a high, three-storey block of cells, at the time untenanted. The scaffold consisted of a platform over a pit, on which the culprit stood, and which suddenly fell on a crank being turned underneath; but this machinery was so arranged that two stout planks on either side the drop remained immovable, so as to enable, if necessary, a warder to support the condemned man on either side to the last. Above this was the beam or gallows of massive woodwork, which like all the rest of the apparatus of death was painted black, and had a striking and grimly-suggestive appearance.

The execution was fixed for eight o'clock, and at a few moments after seven the unhappy man, whose breakfast had consisted of two cups of tea and a thin slice of bread and

butter, was visited by Father Batt, who remained with him to the last, the two being left together in the cell for some time, while the convict received the last sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church. Previous to this his own clothes had been sent to his cell, and he had quietly taken off his prison garb, and dressed himself in the clothes he wore on his trial, consisting of dark coat and waistcoat, both rather worn, light trousers with black stripe, and a red and black shirt.

At about twenty minutes to eight the Under-Sheriff saw the doomed man in his cell in the presence of the Governor and other officials, and asked him if he had any communication he wished to make to the Sheriff, to which the poor fellow—whose wonderful composure and resignation astonished all who saw him—replied, "No, sir, except that I thank the High Sheriff, and thank you and all here for the kindness I have received." The death-bell then began to toll, warning him that his last moment was at hand; but he appeared too much occupied by his devotions to pay any attention to the sound.

Calcraft was introduced to his cell, and at once proceeded to pinion his arms, to which he submitted without a murmur, and as the mournful procession was about to leave the cell two warders advanced to support him, according to custom, but he declined their assistance, and took his place with a firm step between Chief Warder Clark and Father Butt, saying in a firm tone, "The Lord will sustain me."

Starting from the cell, the procession had to pass through a long corridor, with a lobby at the end, and thence through a small door on the right to the yard, near the gate entrance, at a distance of some forty yards from the drop. There were already assembled about a dozen warders, who, with the representatives of the Press, the other gaol officials, and those of the Sheriff, were the only persons present, with the exception of Mr. W. H. L. Pattison, the Deputy Chief Constable, who attended on the requisition of the Under-Sheriff.

As the sad procession slowly crossed the yard towards the gallows, a sudden thrill of sympathy and pity touched the hearts of all present, and, indeed, he must have been hard and stern who could look upon such a scene without emotion. Apart from the ordinary sympathy which is generally felt on such occasions for a fellow-creature in the very prime of his strength and vigour, about in a few short moments to be launched into eternity, there was that in the bearing of the man in that supreme hour which struck the startled lookers-on with wonder, and one would almost say admiration. It may seem a strange thing to write of such a man and such a death, but those who stood in that grim prison yard saw that the culprit walked to his death with the air of a soldier and a Christian.

Directly on reaching the scaffold the convict was placed under the beam, and Calcraft, having pulled the white cap over the prisoner's head, so as to conceal his distorted features, proceeded to adjust the rope round his neck, and to strap his legs, Campbell standing firm and erect, and continuing to utter religious ejaculations in response to Father Batt. As he was standing under the beam Father Batt, who was deeply moved, exclaimed, "Kiss the cross, my child; kneel, and lay it to your heart." Upon which the poor fellow knelt down, and, as well as his pinioned hands would admit, attempted to kiss the crucifix, which he still clasped in his right hand, and afterwards pressed it to his heart, still fervently repeating "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," and many other pious ejaculations.

Calcraft having now adjusted the criminal on the drop, shook him by the hand, and whispered, "Be firm," to which Campbell replied in a firm voice, "I am quite prepared." The executioner then stepped towards the bolt, and there was an awful pause. A moment after the drop fell with a dull thud, the body swung violently round two or three times, there was a convulsive twitching of the legs, and all was over. To all appearance, death must have been almost instantaneous, and it was noticed by those who were nearest to him that the convict, who was in the act of uttering a pious ejaculation to heaven, uttered one low, sudden, convulsive "Oh!" as the drop fell. Even in death his hand continued to clasp the crucifix, and long after life was extinct the faithful priest remained standing, with bent head, beside the scaffold, apparently absorbed in silent prayer.

Shortly after the execution Campbell's mother was found lying on her face on the grass at the back of the Catholic Church, in the New London Road, weeping and praying, having apparently attempted to hide herself away from all human eyes.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Morvilliers.

MORVILLIERS, Keeper of the Seals to Charles the Ninth of France, was one day ordered by his Sovereign to put the seals to the pardon of a nobleman who had committed murder. He refused. The King then took the seals out of his hands, and, having put them himself to the document of remission, returned them immediately to Morvilliers, who declined them, saying, "The seals have twice put me in a situation of great honour; once when I received them, and again when I resigned them!"

After Thirty Years.

A STRIKING incident is related by Dr. Fordyce in his dialogues on education, and he says it occurred in America and within his recollection.

A jeweller, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion to leave home on business at some distance, took with him a servant. He had in his possession some of his most valuable jewels and a large sum of money. This fact was known to the servant, who, urged by cupidity, murdered his master on the road, rifled him of his jewels and money, and, tying a large stone round his neck, threw him into the nearest canal.

With the booty thus gained the servant set off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master was known. He commenced business, at first in a very humble way, in order that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and in the course of years seemed to rise by the natural progress of business into wealth and consideration, so that his good fortune appeared to be at once the effect and reward of industry, virtue, and perseverance. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well that he grew into great esteem, married into a good family, and was admitted into a share of the government of the town. He rose from one position to another, and was at length chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained an excellent character, and continued to fill it with no small amount of credit, both as governor and judge, until, one day, as he presided on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out fully; the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court with great suspense.

This official appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his colour changed often. At length he arose from his seat, and, descending from the bench, placed himself alongside the unfortunate prisoner in the dock, to the no small astonishment of all present.

"You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which this day, after thirty years' concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." He then made a full confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations. "Nor can I feel," continued he, "any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by demanding that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner."

We may easily imagine the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded upon his confession to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

Replies to Queries

T. J. L.—The story of Lefroy will appear shortly.

I. LAWSON.—No, it has never been published in book form.

JAMESON (Derby).—The "Bartlett" case was two years after the "Maybrick," and its details remarkably similar.

A. LUKOS.—We have no doubt that the man you so strangely encountered was the infamous Neil Cream. We may use the anecdote.

ROBERT INNES (Gateshead).—Glad you appreciate our efforts to interest you. Thanks for your letter; these things may happen occasionally.

NEUROTIC.—We are inclined to question if she ever wrote the verses at all. They are very good, and we never heard that she had literary aspirations.

PILES CAUSE & CURE

COLD and DAMP, LIVER DISORDER, and CONSTIPATION. These are the causes of piles. A chill on the liver obstructs the blood circulation of that organ, the veins of the lower bowel become congested, and piles occur. Constipation has precisely the same effect. When Bile Beans are taken the congestion in the liver is removed, and the organ proceeds with the secretion of bile, and as this is the natural aperient of the body constipation is soon removed once the bile flow is regulated. It is in this simple manner that Bile Beans cures piles. Better than all local applications—which only deal with the matter superficially—Bile Beans strike at the root cause of the trouble. Hence their cures are permanent.

"I should not have been alive now had it not been for Bile Beans," said Mrs. Sophia Hickin, of 52, Addison Road, King's Heath, to the reporter of the "Birmingham Sunday Echo." "I am 68 years of age, and for over 30 years I suffered from bleeding piles; my suffering, especially in latter years, being more terrible than I can describe. My doctors failed to rid me of the complaint. I gradually became so very weak that I could not ascend a flight of stairs without assistance. My daughter purchased a box of Bile Beans, and persuaded me to try them. After the first few doses I felt so much relief I continued taking them regularly. They have long since completely cured me, and my health in every way has benefited."

"MY DAUGHTER PURCHASED BILE BEANS."

HEARTBURN.

"Heartburn," or "Sour Stomach," is another name for acid dyspepsia. Many serious diseases have their beginning from this very condition. It is caused in the first place by weakness of the stomach, which, instead of properly digesting and disposing of the food, allows it to lie in the stomach for hours fermenting, giving rise to foul gases, and a feeling of flatulence, dulness, &c. This disordered condition of the stomach cannot continue long without deranging the nervous system, the heart, kidneys, liver, or lungs. Now, BILE BEANS correct the digestive system in a purely natural way, and remove both heartburn and the ailments it may have started.

SAMPLE BOX AND MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

The Bile Bean Co. will forward a free sample Box of Bile Beans to anyone who sends in a written request for same, enclosing a penny stamp to pay return postage. Also anyone desiring free medical advice may have same from our fully qualified medical staff. Mark such request "Private," and it will be treated with strict confidence. Both free sample and medical advice applications should be addressed to the Bile Bean Co.'s Central Depot, Greek Street, Leeds.

NATURE'S REMEDY.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS

WHAT BILE BEANS CURE.

Bile Beans for Biliousness cure Headache, Constipation, Piles, Pimples, Blood Impurities, Spring Ailments, Skin Eruptions, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Flatulence, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Nervousness, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Redcross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1s. 1½d., or large family size 2s. 9d. (2s. 9d. size contains three times 1s. 1½d.)

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